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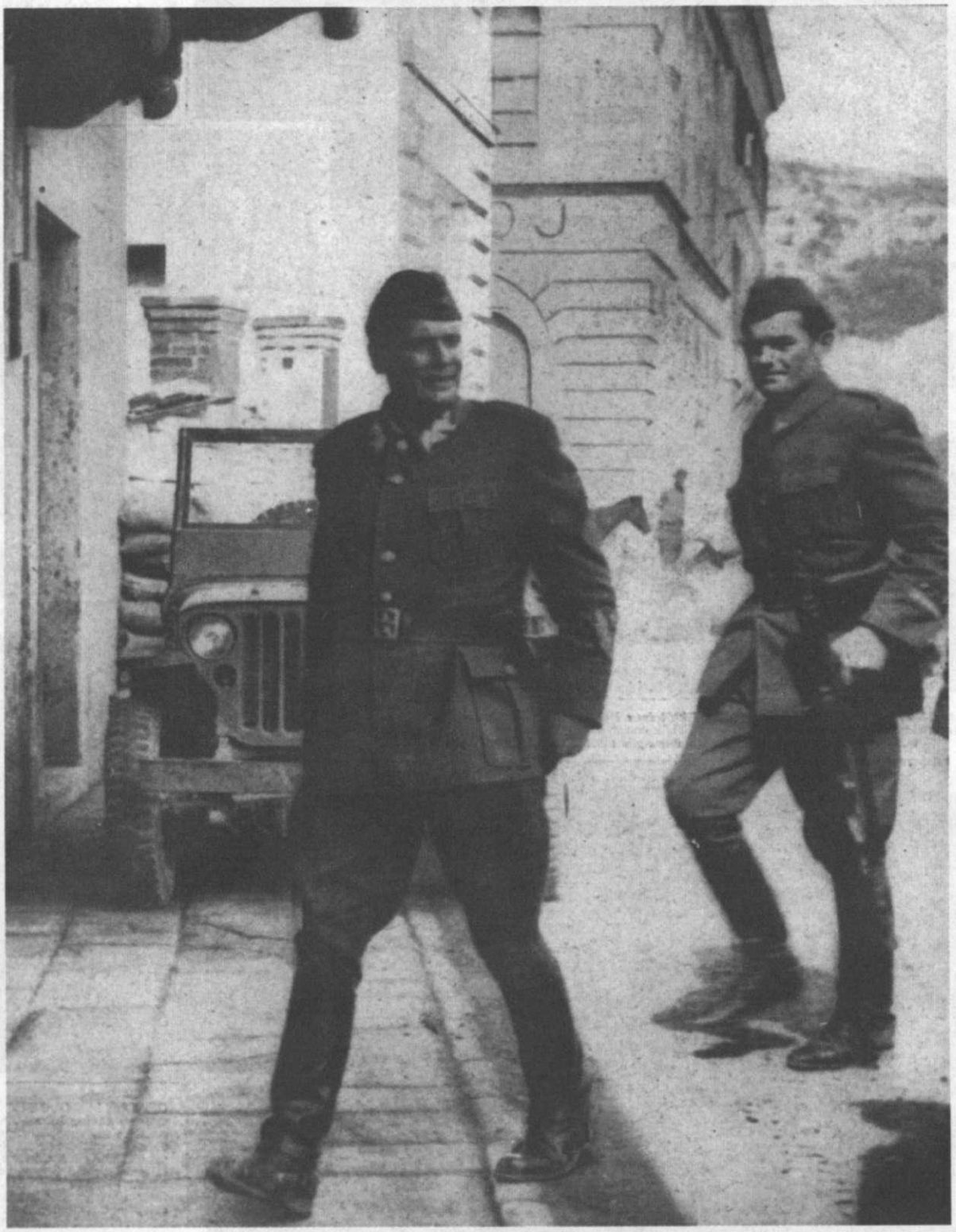
Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SIXPENCE NOVEMBER 24, 1944



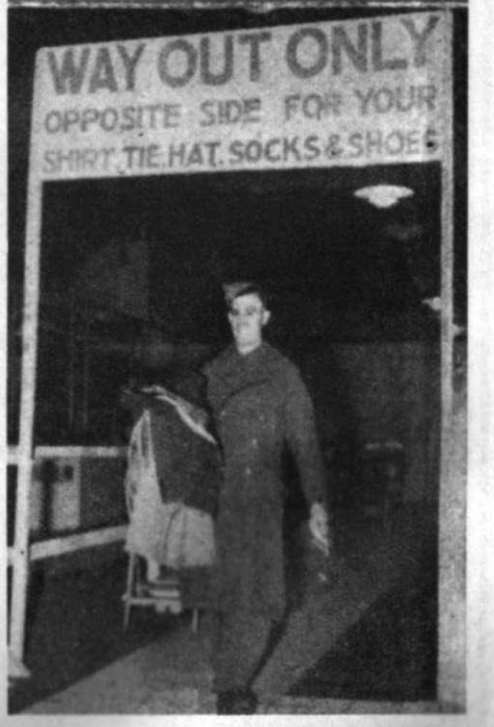
MARSHAL JOSIP BROZ TITO, President of the National Liberation Committee of Yugoslavia, and bodyguard, arrived at Nish in liberated territory for talks with Dr. Subasitch, Premier of King Peter's Government. Agreement between the partisans and the Government was announced on June 16, 1944. On October 20, Belgrade, Yugoslav capital, fell to Marshal Tito's forces collaborating with Russian troops under Marshal Tolbukhin. On November 8, Tito was reported in Moscow for talks with Stalin. *Photo, U.S. Official*

Our Roving Camera Sees Peace Preparations

WAR TO PEACE switch-over in production was to be noted increasingly all over Britain as early as October 1944. An aircraft assembly factory partially turned over to the manufacture of utility furniture (left), with aircraft parts still under construction on the right.

FIELD-MARSHAL'S BATON, the personal gift of H.M. the King to Sir Bernard Montgomery, delivered at the War Office on October 26, 1944, has its base inscribed as seen below. Sir Bernard's promotion from General dates from September 1, 1944.

GERMAN PRISONERS in the autumn of 1944 found themselves faced with the unexpected—and ironical—task of helping to clear British coastal areas of barbed-wire entanglements which had been hurriedly erected during the invasion threat of 1940-41.



CIVILIAN CLOTHES being drawn under the War Office scheme for ex-soldiers, in operation from October 16, 1944, which was initiated by Private Salter, of the Pioneer Corps, who is seen (above) leaving "Civvy Shop" fully equipped. He received a suit, shirt, collar, tie, shoes, raincoat and a felt hat.

MOBILE LAUNDRY, surrounded by London suburban housewives fly-bombed in the summer of 1944 (left). These women faced up to the new air-terror as cheerfully as they did in the old blitz days.

Photos, Daily Mirror, Planet News, Keystone, Associated Press

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

FOR strategic reasons it is often necessary to attack in regions highly unfavourable for tactical offensive operations. That was the case in Italy and now in Holland and East Prussia. In Holland our troops have had to fight under conditions which appear to have been as daunting as those at Passchendaele in the last war, and, moreover, with little prospect of securing tactical success on a spectacular scale. The spirit and determination with which they have fought are therefore all the more admirable, and the results achieved should not be judged by losses inflicted on the enemy, though they have been substantial, but by their strategic importance.

The great dash of Montgomery's Army Group northwards from the Seine was essentially a strategic manoeuvre which entailed comparatively little tactical action; and the capture of the Port of Antwerp intact, the chief prize it secured, resulted from the speed of the thrust. The airborne operation which followed, by making it possible to secure the crossings of the Maas

REOPENING THEIR DRIVE into the Reich on November 2, 1944, the U.S. 1st Army cleared the thickly-wooded area south-west of Huertgen and west of Vossenack, about 15 miles south-east of Aachen.
By courtesy of News Chronicle

and the Waal, represented a further strategic success gained without inflicting a major tactical defeat on the enemy. The strategic results would, of course, have been greater if a bridge-head over the Lek at Arnhem had also been secured, but even then, before the strategic advantages that had so far been gained could have been exploited, the tactical operations for the clearance of the approaches to Antwerp and the security of the Eindhoven Corridor would still have been necessary, and under conditions no more favourable than those which have actually been encountered.

IN the past, wars were generally decided by one or more tactical victories, and strategic manoeuvres were chiefly designed to bring about decisive battles. But with the growth of armies and the increased complexities of modern warfare, absolutely decisive tactical victories tend to become rarer. Tactical action, therefore, though it has lost none of its importance, must be subordinated to the vastly increased scope of strategy which embraces the employment of practically every form of human activity. The operations in the Scheldt Estuary show, however, what a great part the infantry soldier still plays and how much depends on the physical and moral qualities he develops under well-conceived training.

I have seen it suggested that it might have been better if the full weight of the Allied Armies had been directed northwards, in order to ensure an immediate break-through into north Holland, and that General Patton's drive eastwards from Paris had little chance of achieving further success when it came up against the obstacle of the Vosges and the German frontier defences. I see little reason, however, to support that suggestion. In the first place, it was obviously advisable to apply pressure to the whole of the long front the Germans had inadequate forces to hold and to leave them guessing as to the points of most danger. Secondly, it was obvious from the first that the initial Allied thrusts could not be maintained without a pause after their communications had reached a certain length—and, obviously, the smaller the force the farther it could go without a pause, provided no serious resistance was encountered.

CLEARANCE of Scheldt Approaches Dependent on Supply Services

Montgomery's 21st Army Group has never been held up through lack of numerical strength, but it had practically outrun its supply services by the time it had achieved the amazing feat of capturing Antwerp intact. It was for that reason that it was unable to clear the Scheldt approaches or to continue its advance across the triple obstacles of the Maas, Waal and Lek without a pause. That could not have been done without heavy fighting, for the enemy had fresh troops in Holland, and the supply services were as yet in no condition to meet the expenditure entailed in overcoming serious resistance. A greater concentration of force for the northern thrust would clearly have added immensely to road congestion and would probably have necessitated a pause before Antwerp or even Brussels was reached by the main force. The supply problem and not numerical strength was the dominating factor, and the astonishing thing is that Dempsey's great thrust was able to accomplish so much, not that it was unable to accomplish more.

It should, I think, be realized that if General Eisenhower had concentrated on a northern drive it is possible that the enemy might have been able to mount a counter-offensive in considerable strength from the Lorraine or Belfort gaps, either against his flank or against the head of the army advancing from the south. Judging from the opposition General Patton has encountered that possibility cannot be ruled out, and it might have produced disturbing effects. Furthermore, the enemy's communications, in spite of air attacks on them, are in the main much better than those of the invading armies which had, in the first instance, no usable railways and have had to traverse country in which the retreating enemy could add his own demolitions to those previously effected by air attack. Dispersion of force obviously tended to minimize these disadvantages, reducing congestion on damaged roads and facilitating their restoration.

BRITISH COMMANDO units of the 1st Canadian Army made two landings on Walcheren on November 1, 1944—at Flushing and at Westkapelle. In the east the Canadians finally cleared the Beveland causeway. See story in page 441.
By courtesy of News Chronicle

With the opening of the approaches to Antwerp and the restoration of the railways from Cherbourg and other of the original disembarkation ports to the front, the Allies have now a reasonably good communication system, and the strategic merits of General Eisenhower's disposition I think become apparent. They leave him with a wide choice of points at which to make his main effort, and they have compelled the enemy to disperse his strength in his uncertainty where the blows will fall. The clearance of the approaches to Antwerp manifestly solves all Montgomery's supply difficulties, and it should also meet much of the American 1st Army's requirements; for Antwerp has far greater capacity than any of the ports we depended on in the last war.

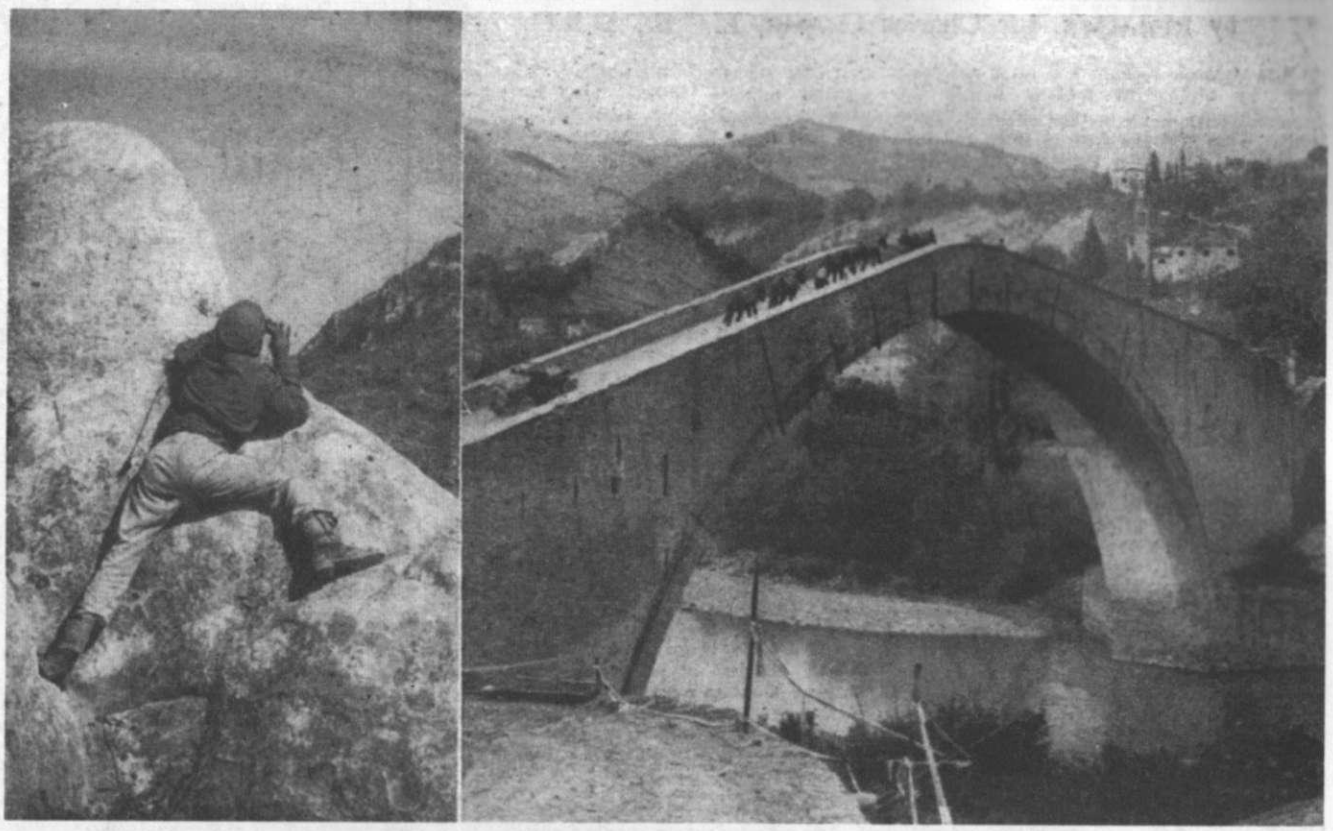
Bologne and Calais, when cleared, will also provide useful subsidiary ports for the 1st Army, and General Patton's Army will probably now have exclusive use of Cherbourg and Le Havre except so far as they may be used by the 6th Army Group, which is still, presumably, based on Marseilles. The fact that it has not been thought necessary to proceed with the liquidation of the German garrisons of Lorient and St. Nazaire is a clear indication that General Eisenhower is satisfied that he will have sufficient ports.

RUSSIA

While the build-up for the major offensive in the west has been in progress the course of events in the east has been completely satisfactory. I do not think that it was expected that Chernyakovsky's offensive in East Prussia would achieve rapid sweeping success. It is a frontal attack against a defensive position of great strength and depth with little opportunity for wide manoeuvres. It has, however, probably achieved its main object in compelling the Germans to concentrate a high proportion of their available strength on this part of their immense front, and to make extravagant use of reserves in costly counter-attacks which have achieved little. If, as seems probable, the main Russian offensive, of which Chernyakovsky's and Malinovsky's offensives may be only the forerunners, develops in Poland the Germans in East Prussia would be in a critical position.

MEANWHILE, Malinovsky's campaign in Hungary is proceeding at an amazing pace, and has gained power since his troops, who have been clearing northern Transylvania, have closed up and since Petrov's Army has joined hands with him south of the Carpathians. With the Hungarians showing little disposition to fight with determination the fall of Budapest must be imminent, and without substantial Hungarian assistance it is difficult to see how the Germans can check Malinovsky's further advance. The German armies in Lapland, Latvia and Yugoslavia are in an increasingly hopeless position.

Fiercely Kesselring Clings to Northern Italy

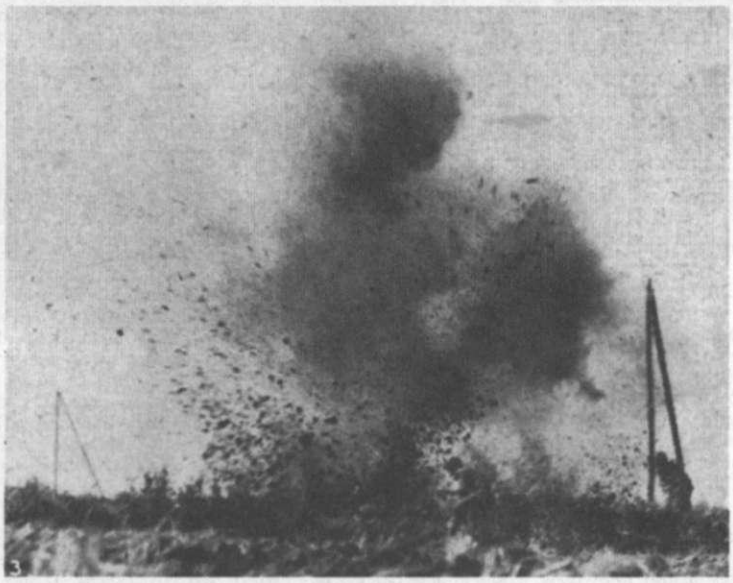


FIFTH ARMY TROOPS continued to make slow but methodical progress against unrelenting German resistance in Italy, south of Bologna, during the first weeks of November 1944. An Allied observation-post on the rugged slopes of Mt. Vigese (left). Pack-mules and jeeps encounter a stiff climb and a slippery descent on this picturesque hump-backed bridge (right) on their way to supply forward units in the hills beyond Castel del Rio in their drive towards the important industrial and communications centre of Bologna.

EIGHTH ARMY GUNNERS ignited smoke-canisters (left) to cover our troops on the River Savio near Cesena, which fell on October 19, 1944. On November 10, they were reported to have entered Forli after bitter fighting. Blowing up all the Savio bridges, the enemy day and night shelled the river area to prevent attempted crossings, eventually retiring when threatened with encirclement by New Zealand forces. A British infantryman brings in a wounded comrade from the Savio fighting (right).

Photos British Official

Hun Hordes are Hammered in the Netherlands



AFTER THEIR DEFEAT AT HERTOGENBOSCH on October 26, 1944, the German 15th Army pulled out from south of the River Maas against the onrush of General Dempsey's British 2nd Army and Polish forces of the 1st Canadian Army. Breda, captured on October 29, celebrated its freedom with dancing in the streets (1). After sharp house-to-house fighting, Flushing fell to British troops (2) on November 3. A German 88-mm. shell exploding near Arnhem (3), photographed from a foxhole; the troops in the foreground had a miraculous escape. Swiftly-assembled Bailey bridges made possible communications across flooded Beveland (4).

Photos, British and U.S. Official, Associated Press

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

ALTHOUGH U-boats are far from being extinct, there being still some hundreds in service, their area of operations has been greatly reduced. There appear to be none left in the Mediterranean, and they have been driven out of the Channel and Bay of Biscay. Their principal ocean bases are now on the coast of Norway. It was from one or other of these Norwegian harbours that the "wolf-pack" issued to make the abortive attack on an Arctic convoy described in the Admiralty communiqué of November 4, 1944. At least three of the enemy submarines were destroyed, and others damaged, some of which may possibly have failed to get back to port. Not a single merchant vessel sustained any damage, our only loss being H.M.S. Kite, a sloop of the war-built "Wren" class.

Operations were conducted by Vice-Admiral F. H. G. Dalrymple-Hamilton, who was captain of H.M.S. Rodney during the action which culminated in the sinking of the Bismarck in May 1941. Complete co-operation between naval aircraft from H.M.S. Vindex and Striker, escort carriers, and a number of escort vessels, which included two destroyers, three sloops and a frigate, proved highly effective in countering enemy efforts to approach the convoy. If the Germans can do no better than this within a limited distance of the bases in which the majority of their U-boats are now concentrated, it does not say much for their chances of renewing the Battle of the Atlantic on terms likely to yield them any advantage.

FULLER reports on the Battle of the Philippines make it plain the Japanese Navy has been dealt a staggering blow. It would seem unlikely that another sea action of importance will be fought until Allied fleets are in a position to advance into Japanese home waters, as the damage inflicted on the ships that regained port may keep them under refit for some time to come.

It is not clear what induced the enemy to give battle in such unfavourable circumstances. Some while back it was announced in a broadcast from Tokyo that the Japanese fleet would fight only when it had the cover of land-based aircraft; and it may have been the plan to use the airfields in Formosa and Luzon for this purpose. Yet both these islands, as well as Mindanao farther to the south, had been very thoroughly bombed by Allied air forces for more than a week before the action, and a large number of Japanese planes destroyed. So far from this giving pause to the enemy, it seems to have precipitated matters, the concentration of his squadrons being arranged in such a way that the U.S. Third and Seventh Fleets obtained every advantage from their central position in the area of operations.

Probably the Japanese were misled by exaggerated reports of damage inflicted on the U.S. fleets by air attack over a week earlier; in fact, only a couple of ships were damaged, neither to an extent sufficient to prevent her proceeding to a repairing base. On the other hand, the toll taken of Japanese land-based aircraft was so heavy that their force proved quite inadequate to provide complete cover for the three squadrons into which the enemy had divided his forces, and were themselves outfought by U.S. carrier-borne aircraft.

ANNIHILATION of Japanese Squadron coming from Direction of Singapore

It may have been hoped that the approach of the largest of these squadrons, coming from the direction of Japan, would divert the attention of the U.S. Third Fleet under Admiral Halsey, and the Seventh Fleet, under Vice-Admiral Kincaid, to an extent that would enable the other two enemy detachments to effect a surprise attack. So far from this being the case, the squadron coming from the south-westward (the direction of Singapore) seems to have been the first to be sighted, with the result that it suffered annihilation. Two battleships (the Huso and Yamasiro, of 29,330 tons), four cruisers and seven destroyers were sunk, either in the course of the action or during their subsequent retreat through waters commanded by Allied aircraft. Earlier, this force had been attacked by U.S. submarines during its passage from Singapore, and had thus lost a couple of cruisers before entering Philippine waters.

Air attacks on the enemy force approaching from the north, which seems to have comprised two battleships, four aircraft carriers, five cruisers and six destroyers, were very successful. All four carriers were sunk, as well as a cruiser and two destroyers, before the Third Fleet aircraft engaged were recalled to proceed to the aid of the carriers of the Seventh Fleet, which were being attacked by the remaining Japanese squadron.

JAPANESE BATTLESHIP YAMATO, ablaze from stem to stern, with bombs blasting her forward turret, during the furious 3-day engagement in the Philippines toward the end of October 1944. *Photo, Associated Press*

This squadron, approaching from the westward, had made its way right through San Bernardino Strait and out into the Pacific, off Samar, early on October 24. It included the new 45,000-ton battleships Musasi and Yamato, with three capital ships of older date, eight cruisers and over a dozen destroyers. One of the cruisers was torpedoed, and capsized before close contact was made, and other ships received damage. In action with ships of the Seventh Fleet a second cruiser was sunk and the enemy force was so severely handled that it retreated through the San Bernardino Strait as darkness fell. A third cruiser was sunk by gunfire.

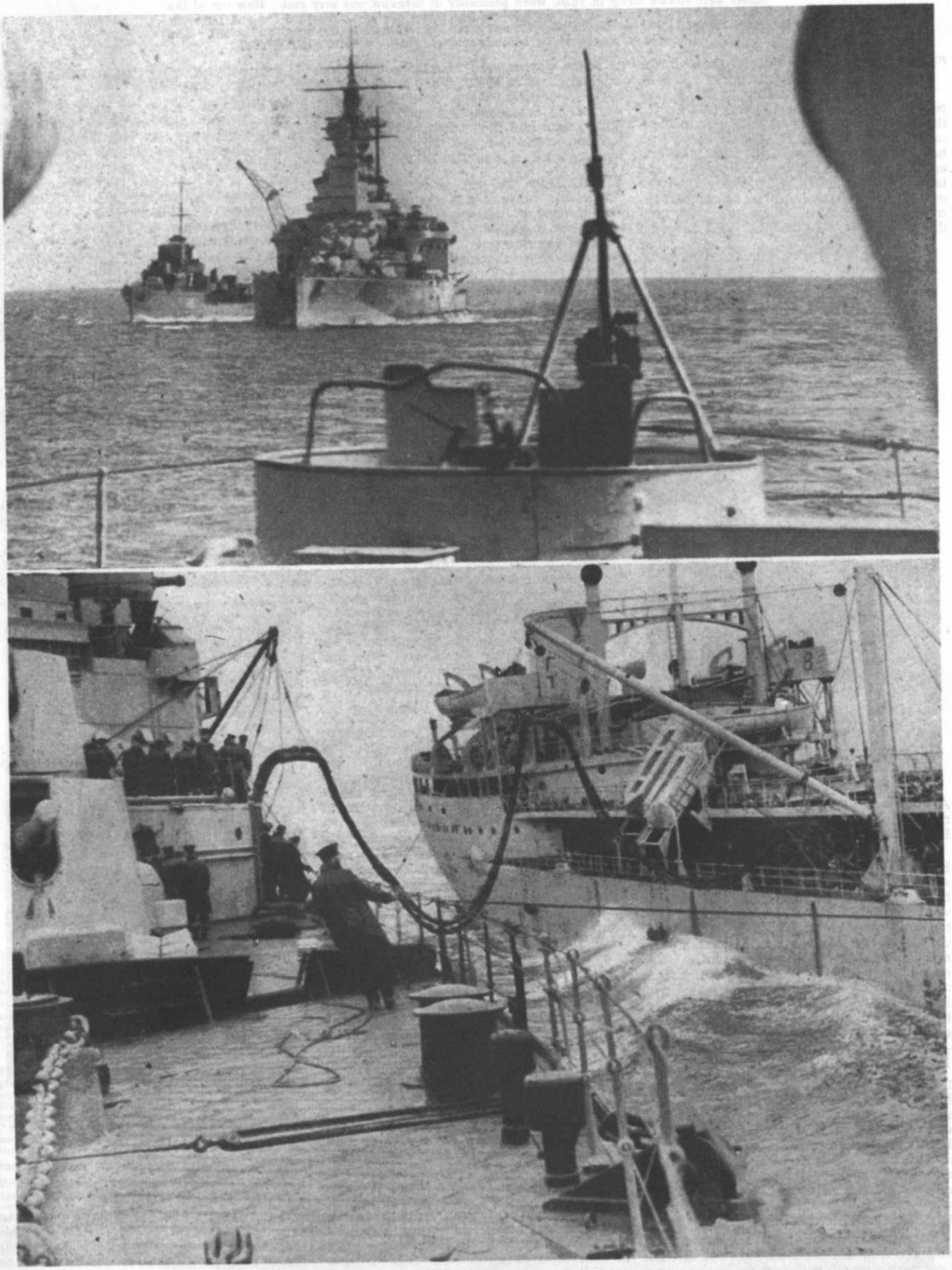
ALTOGETHER the total Japanese losses in these engagements were summed up by Admiral Nimitz as two battleships, four carriers, nine cruisers and nine destroyers. Severe damage was inflicted on a third battleship, as well as on five cruisers and seven destroyers; some of these ships may have failed to get home. Almost all the other enemy ships also received injuries, though of a less serious character. Ships of the Third and Seventh fleets lost were the light fleet aircraft carrier Princeton, of 10,000 tons; two escort carriers; two destroyers; one destroyer-escort, of a type rated as frigates in this country; and a few craft of less importance. U.S. submarines and aircraft had an important share in the victory.

It is now known that the casualties in H.M.A.S. Australia, mentioned in page 390, were caused by a Japanese bomber crashing on her bridge after its pilot had been killed.

What strength can the Japanese Navy still muster? It is improbable that there remain in service more than six or possibly seven battleships, seven or eight aircraft carriers, between 20 and 30 cruisers, 70 destroyers and under 100 submarines. This is not a force with which any great enterprise can be attempted. The U.S. Navy alone is capable of putting into the line about three times as many ships in each of these categories.

HEROES OF THE PHILIPPINES—Vice-Admiral Marc A. Mitscher, commander of the famous Task Force 58 of the U.S. Navy (left), and Vice-Admiral William F. Halsey, Commander of the U.S. 3rd Fleet (right). Both were engaged in the momentous three-day sea action in the Philippines in the last week of October 1944, which Admiral Nimitz described as an "overwhelming victory." **See illus. page 429.** *Photo, Associated Press*

Refuel As You Go is the Navy's Slogan Now



ROUGH WEATHER NO LONGER HAMPERS refuelling at sea, thanks to modern methods. Nowadays the operation often takes place as the supplying ship and the vessel to be fuelled proceed on their courses. The 30-year-old battleship Valiant, 31,100 tons, oiling a destroyer in the Mediterranean (top). A cruiser being refuelled by tanker (bottom); the rating in the foreground grips a marked line which helps the navigator on the bridge to maintain the cruiser's position relative to the tanker. See also page 712. Vol. 7.

Photos, British Official

Looking for Death on the Beaches of Britain

Mines were strewn freely in 1940, when possibility of invasion was very real. Now use of the beaches is required again by the public—and the mines are being searched for and removed. Those engaged in the task know that life and death are separated by the breadth of a hair. The methods of these unsung heroes are explained by MARK PRIESTLEY.

THE official plan clearly showed the position of every mine as planted, but the tides had swept in tons of pebbles in the intervening years and buried the mines in swirling shingle and drifting sand. Some had risen to the surface. Others had sunk to unknown depths. Others, again, had been forced out of position and lay across the safety paths defined on the maps. All the mines, as the official records nicely put it, were "in an uncertain condition." This was the peril that Sergeant

R.A.F. "BEACHCOMBERS" search for shoe-mines after the Normandy landings in June 1944. The article in this page describes the perils of such work on the beaches at home. *Photo, British Official*

Arthur Bond-Roose, of the R.E.s, faced for more than two desperate months on an English beach that was in his care.

He saw his commanding officer blown up by a mine, and he made a hazardous crawl across the death-strewn sands to recover the body and rescue the field chart. After that, whenever any of his men recovered a mine, the sergeant personally laid the demolition charges, never knowing but that the mines might explode of their own accord. Ultimately he destroyed over 600. He gained the B.E.M. for his "sense of duty and cool leadership"—and his story is typical of heroism displayed and risks endured today on Britain's least-known field of valour.

IT was a minefield explosion on the Scottish coast, involving the death of two of his friends, that led Lieut. Joseph Kos to invent his "carpet sweeper" detector, which was used with such success in the desert and is now employed in Britain's own minefields. Risks nevertheless remain. In six months, in the South-Eastern Command alone, in the course of minefield clearance operations 19 officers and men have lost their lives. Such is the tragic toll in what a minefield veteran has called the "Battle of the Beaches."

Sometimes an accidental explosion has not been recorded in official registers, and the field parties search with taut nerves for mines that no longer exist. At other times they strike tide-swept mines that have not been charted for that particular spot. One unit of R.E.s was ordered to remove 450 mines originally laid in 1940. They were about to begin operations when headquarters forwarded an amended chart showing that 50 more mines had been subsequently installed to improve the field, and the position of five was regarded as doubtful!

EVENTUALLY the unit recovered over 650 mines. Some were as mapped, others had been carried by the sea from positions ten and twelve miles away; one was an airborne mine of German type, and there were three magnetic marine mines which must have buried themselves in the sand without touching-off. Thousands of mines were, of course, laid at vulnerable points, inland as well as on the coast, under the imminent threat of invasion. Records were kept as carefully as possible at the time, and have since been amended to keep track of additional mines, or of mines blown up, but the charts are necessarily imperfect.

In one instance, a corporal was killed in a charted minefield and an officer and a sergeant of the Coldstream Guards attempted to recover the body. The sergeant was confident that he knew where the mines had been laid, yet within a few minutes he was killed and the young officer behind him was lying seriously wounded. Cliff falls, the action of tidal currents, and the human element itself have all introduced the unknown factor.

There is the vivid story of an R.A.F. Beach Squadron that took over a seaside villa. Sappers searched the front garden beforehand and disinterred six box mines, each containing 7 lb. of T.N.T. Three days later, the sappers resumed operations in the back garden, where the R.A.F. boys had been feeding the chickens—and dug up another 67, much to the airmen's horror.

Heinz Hounds Nose Them Out

Of late, risks in minefield clearance have been considerably lessened and detection processes speeded up by the use of trained dogs. Lighter than men, dogs have the advantage of being able to move about amongst mines with rather less danger of setting them off. All kinds of medium sized dogs—even Heinz Hounds, as the mongrels are called—are being employed.

Training starts as a game between dog and man, causing the dog to associate the smell of mines—both metal and plastic types—with a reward of food. Twenty dogs can sweep a 200-yard lane, 16 yards wide, in 30 minutes. It is an amazing sight to see several dogs at once "freezing" on finding a mine, as pointers do when they mark a bird. The health of the dogs is so well maintained that their reaction becomes extremely rapid and accurate. The experts of the Veterinary and Remount Service, who are responsible for this aspect of the work and who secure the dogs on loan from private owners, have indeed rendered good service (see illus. p. 180).

THOUSANDS of men have now passed through mine-clearance courses at military-engineering schools. Beginning by gaining knowledge of the principles of explosives, and confidence in handling them, students soon lay and take up their own minefields. The main charge is removed from the mines, but igniter sets are left alive, and they contain sufficient explosive to blow off the hand or foot of anyone foolish enough to disregard all due precautions. "The most famous last words in this industry," the instructors emphasize, "are 'I'll try anything once!'" It goes without saying that accidents amount to less than 1 per cent.

A dislodged pebble can explode a buried mine. Booby traps with elaborate systems of trip wires have also been thickly sown on home shores. There was an occasion when a disastrous minefield explosion involved a number of N.C.O.s and men and, amid the fatal casualties, four men who had survived with injuries were left marooned, surrounded by unexploded mines. The task of extricating them was made harder by further mines buried beneath the surrounding barbed wire.

MAJOR GERRARD MATTHEWS, the officer who faced the risks and for his bravery received the George Medal, placed planks over the wire and entered the minefield. He missed treading on a mine by only six inches. Against the dangers that are constantly undergone, the number of minefield casualties is remarkably small. Many troops have been decorated for gallantry in Britain's minefields. They include Bombardier James Newby, G.M., who made a rescue crawl of 75 feet through a thickly-sown field on the Tyne when two officers had been killed by an anti-tank mine; and Sergeant Ernest Martin, B.E.M., who recently headed stretcher-bearers into an East Anglian field after a party of R.E.s had met with disaster. Then there are Sergeant W. H. Chick, G.M., and Lance-Corporal Gordon Cowell, B.E.M., who went to the aid of a Spitfire pilot who had crash-landed on a mined beach. The

ENTERING FALAISE on August 17, 1944, Canadian sappers fine-combed even the grass-verged footpaths for mines left by the retreating Germans. *Photo, Associated Press*

impact set off a mine, and the explosion set light to the aircraft's wings, but the two soldiers dragged the airman to safety.

After the last war it took over a year to sweep clear the sea lanes. That is why, this time, the authorities have given warning that risk of explosions on our shores may have to be faced for some years to come. Only a restricted number of sappers can at present serve on home beaches, but thousands will participate in the final clean sweep.

How Our Sappers Tackle German Booby Traps

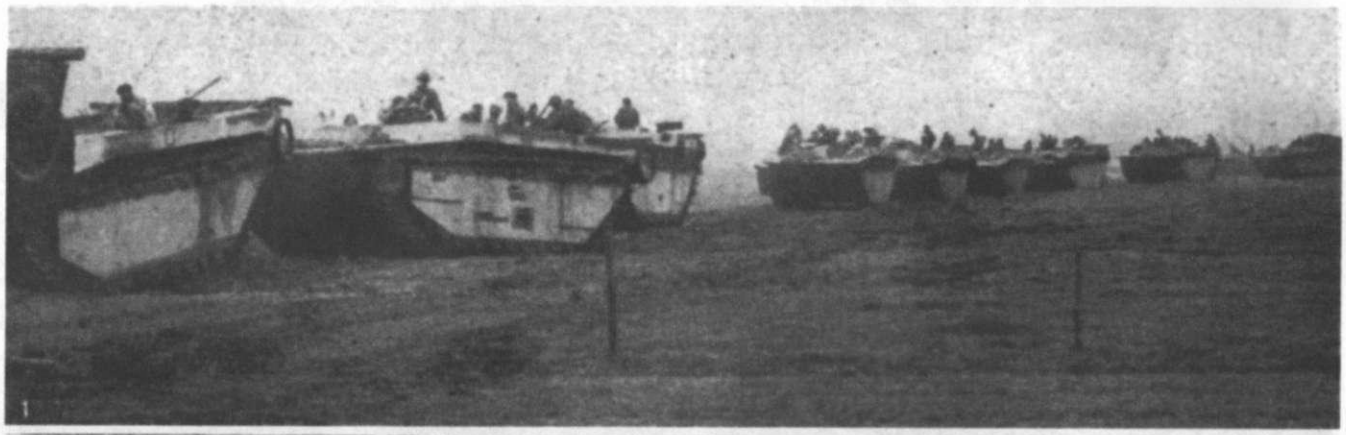
GERMANS RETREATING through Northern Italy, late in 1944, made increasingly desperate attempts to delay the Allied advance with mines and elaborately-disguised booby traps. Trickiest of all were the "Pappmine" and the "S" mine.

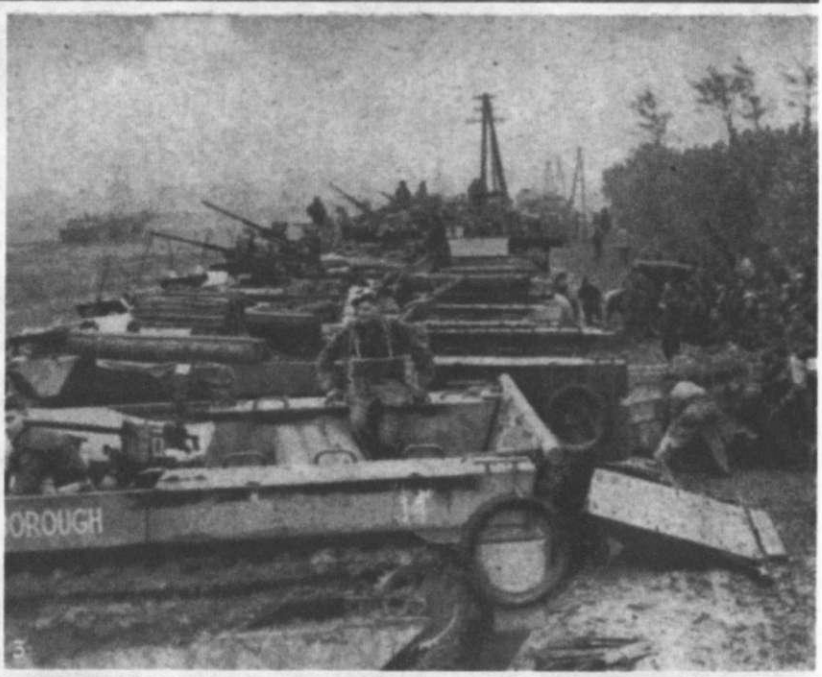
The first is made entirely of glass and cardboard, and having no metal in its composition is not revealed by the normal mine detector. The "S" mine, known familiarly as "Bouncing Betty," leaps into the air to explode at a height of three feet.

A British sapper neutralizes a booby trap made from a child's doll (1). A bottle of wine being disconnected from its deadly charge (2). A cunningly-concealed egg-grenade (friction-fuse type) is removed from the branch of a pear tree (3). Neutralizing an anti-personnel mine intended to be detonated by a trip-wire (4).

Photos, British Official

Buffaloes at Beveland Aid Scheldt Invasion





AMPHIBIOUS TROOP-CARRIERS spear-headed the assault by British and Canadian forces of the British 2nd Army when, heading for Walcheren, they landed on the Beveland peninsula on the north side of the River Scheldt on October 26, 1944. Nicknamed Buffaloes, these armed transport vehicles are propelled through the water by the same rubberized track which enables them to travel ashore. A column advances (1), others return with prisoners (2). Loading the Buffaloes (3). Landing craft go in (4).

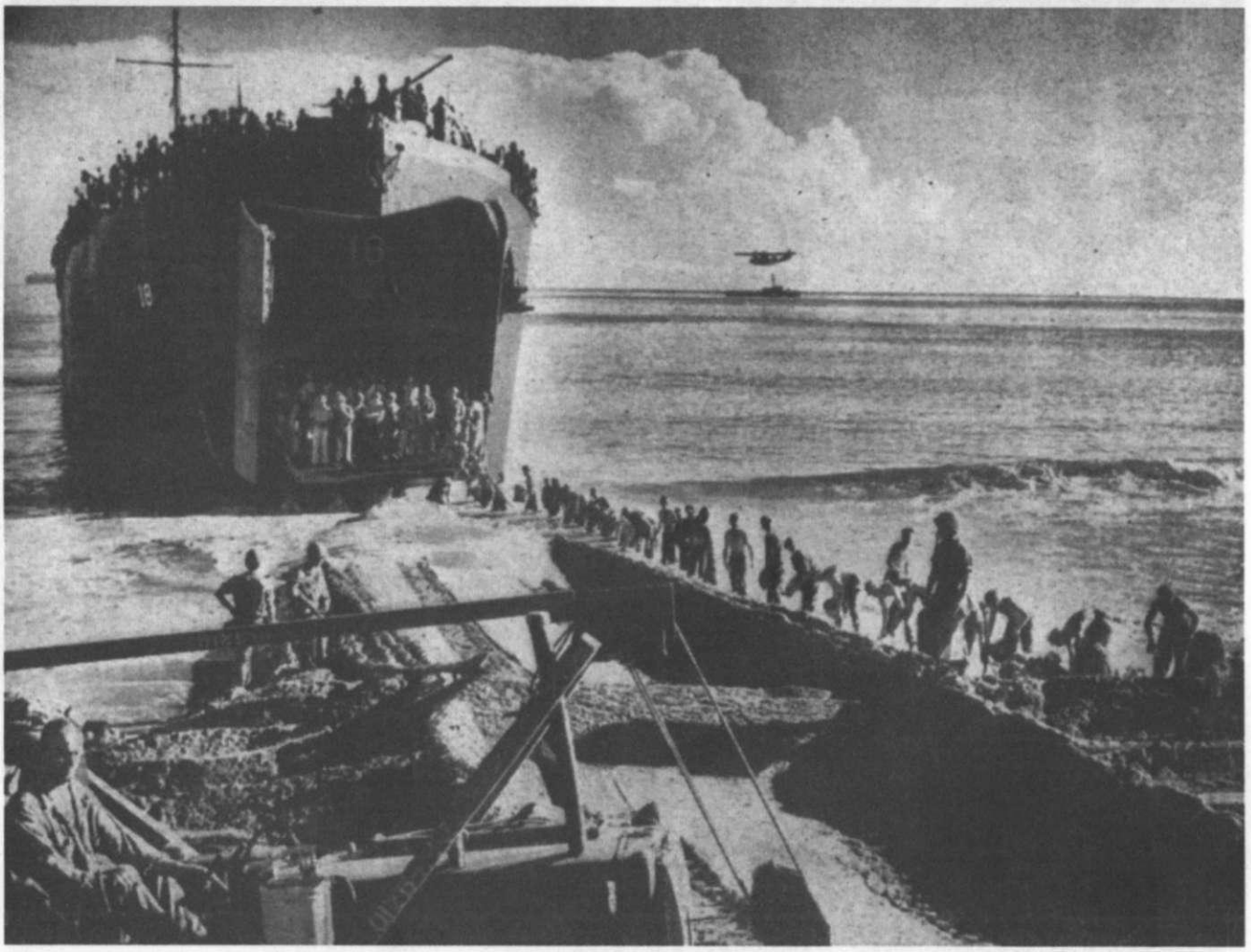
Photos, Associated Press, British Newspaper Pool

Dempsey's Men Hurl Enemy Back to the Maas

ON A MOPPING-UP FORAY on Sherman tanks, these smiling troops of General Dempsey's British 2nd Army are seen on the thickly-wooded outskirts of Hertogenbosch which had been finally cleared by October 27, 1944. The capture of this keypoint in the German defence system in Holland was an essential preliminary to opening-up access to the port of Antwerp (see story in page 441), taken intact by the British on September 4. The whole Allied line thereafter moved to the River Maas, leaving behind only isolated enemy rearguards.

Photo, British Official

New Guinea Landing Cuts Off 15,000 Japanese



RECONQUERING THE S.W. PACIFIC, U.S. troops, covered by U.S. and Australian cruisers and R.A.A.F. Kittyhawks, landed in force at Cape Sansapor, near the western tip of Dutch New Guinea, on July 30, 1944, without encountering resistance. This completed the reoccupation of strategic points along the northern coast and cut off a Japanese garrison of 15,000 at Manokwari. Troop-packed L.C.I.s, manned by U.S. Coast Guardsmen, moved inshore (top). Ramps to facilitate landing were constructed on the beach (bottom).

Photos, New York Times Photos

Leyte: General MacArthur Keeps His Promise

THE RECAPTURE of the Philippines began, it was announced on October 20, 1944, with the invasion by combined U.S. and Australian forces, under General MacArthur, of Leyte Island (see map). The Allied invasion fleet assembled at a Netherlands New Guinea base (1). General MacArthur (2, with cane), waded ashore from a landing craft, accompanied by members of his staff. The U.S. flag, "Old Glory" (3), was again raised on Philippine soil.

Photos, News Chronicle, Associated Press. Map by courtesy of the Daily Express

"IN A MAJOR AMPHIBIOUS OPERATION we have seized the eastern coast of Leyte Island, in the Philippines, 600 miles north of Morotai, and 2,500 miles from Milne Bay, whence our offensive began nearly 16 months ago." In these words General MacArthur announced the beginning of the reconquest of the Philippines, thus keeping his promise to return.

The combined skill of the American Army and Navy in the Pacific, assisted by units of the Royal Australian Navy and the R.A.A.F., took the enemy by surprise. Japanese expectation of an attack on Mindanao had caused the enemy to be caught unawares in Leyte, with the result that beach-heads were secured in the important Tacloban area by Gen. MacArthur's forces with "unbelievably low" casualties.

The troops comprised units of the U.S. 6th Army, to which were attached units from the Central Pacific with supporting elements. The naval forces were the U.S. 7th Fleet (Vice-Adml. Kincaid), an Australian squadron and supporting craft of the U.S. 3rd Fleet (Vice-Adml. Halsey). Air support was given by navy carrier forces of the Far East Air Force and the Royal Australian Air Force. General MacArthur, as Commander-in-Chief South-West Pacific, was in personal command. The enemy forces were estimated at 225,000, and included troops of the 14th Army under Field-Marshal Count Terauchi.

Harbours Made in Britain Sailed to France

To enable our forces landed on the Normandy coast on D-Day to be reinforced and kept supplied with utmost speed it was necessary that two invasion ports, each roughly the size of Dover Harbour, should be constructed in this country, then be transported across 190 miles of sea and placed in position off the enemy-occupied coast. The story of this staggering achievement can now be told.

LONG before the invasion was launched it was obvious that vast quantities of stores and equipment would have to be landed on open beaches. It was estimated that about 12,000 tons, plus 2,500 vehicles of all kinds, would have to be handled in this manner each day for 90 days at least. There was only one possible plan: to have ready prefabricated sections which could be assembled at the spot where two vast invasion ports would be most useful.

A harbour for British use was to be located at Arromanches; another, for American use, at Port en Bassin. And each approximately the size of Dover Harbour—which took seven years to complete! These two were to be set up in days, to give full shelter and all usual port facilities to vessels whilst unloading. This entailed the construction of 150 caissons—enormous hollow blocks—for the harbour walls.

The largest of these caissons had a displacement of over 6,000 tons. Each contained crews' quarters for use during the passage, the crew being partly naval, and partly from the Royal Engineers (or American Seabees) for carrying out the operation of sinking. At a later stage, Bofors guns, 20 tons of ammunition, and rough shelters for a gun's crew, were placed on the top of most caissons as additional A.A. protection for the harbour. Caissons were towed across the Channel, each by a tug of about 1,500 h.p.

On arrival they were manoeuvred into position with the help of small tugs, then special valves were opened in each, allowing water to fill it and sink it where it was to remain. It took roughly 22 minutes to sink the largest. These had all been built during the winter months, a few in graving docks, the rest in emergency basins constructed behind river-banks; the banks were then dredged away so that the partly completed caissons could float out and be towed to wet docks for completion of the concrete work. Towing of these to the Normandy coast commenced on D-Day plus one.

ON D-Day blockships sailed to where this work was to be completed, to provide breakwaters for the immediate shelter of hosts of small craft. Sixty ships of various types and sizes were earmarked for this purpose, including old warships. These made the crossing close behind the assault forces and all arrived safely. They were sunk by explosive charges, and their crews were then brought back to this country.

To complete each port, internal equipment such as piers was essential. It is no easy matter to construct a pier hundreds of feet long on a flat beach, with a rise and fall of tide of over 20 feet, and which sometimes may be floating and at other times be resting on sand or, worse still, rock. This problem had been under examination for many months, and in 1942 the Prime Minister took a personal interest in the matter. In typical Churchillian style he wrote, "Piers for use on beaches. They must float up and down with the tide. The anchor problem must be mastered. Let me have the best solution worked out. Don't argue the matter. The difficulties will argue for themselves."

Pier-Heads Built as Ships

The result was eminently satisfactory. After severe sea tests the equipment went into production—amounting to 7 miles of pier and all necessary appurtenances. Pier-heads were built, as ships, in various ports on the coast, from Leith round to Glasgow, four by the R.E.s at military ports in Scotland. Most of the remaining equipment was prefabricated all over the country, and then assembled at the Army depots at Southampton and Richborough. About 240 contractors were employed on this particular task, and 50,000 tons of steel were used.

The work of assembly-on-the-spot went on whilst the sinking of caissons was being completed. By D-Day plus 12 more than half of these were in position, and the harbours were already an impressive sight. Up to this time the operation was going according to plan. Very few accidents had occurred, and our air superiority was such that enemy interference had caused little trouble. Floating breakwaters, consisting of steel floats, had previously been moored end-to-end in a long line, the object of these being to have a damping effect on the sea in strong winds; 15,000 tons of steel were used in their construction. The Army Fire Service helped in sinking the pier-heads to the correct level, as well as manning and floating land-based fire stations.

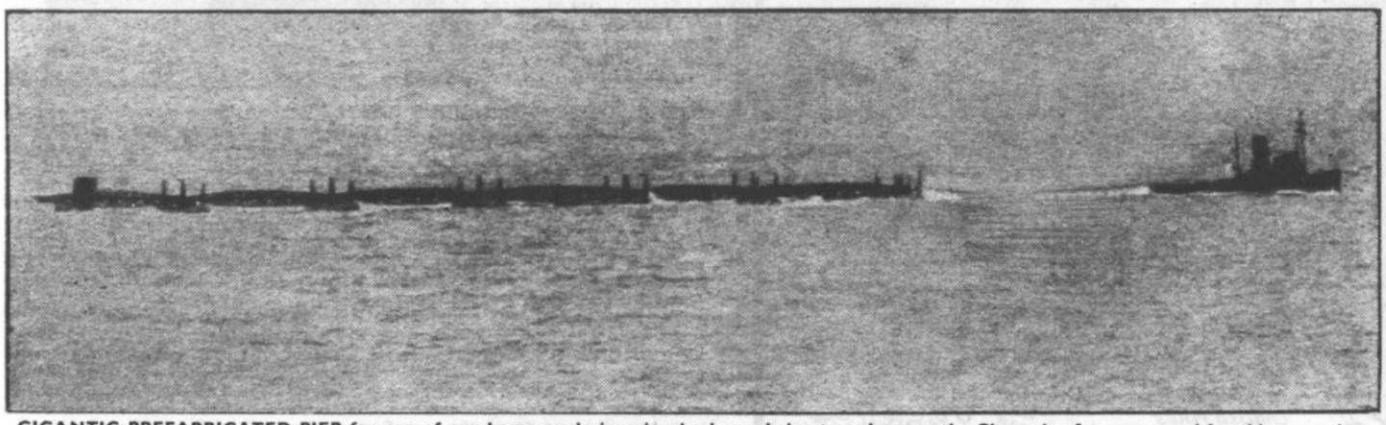
And then, on D-Day plus 13, there occurred the biggest June gale for 40 years. It blew from the worst possible direction—the harbours were exposed to its full force, and these were only at the half-way stage. The American harbour suffered very severely and the breakwaters were largely broken up, so much so that the work on this harbour was discontinued. All the pier equipment which was on the voyage across when the gale started was sunk, but only one caisson failed to weather the journey.

After the gale subsided the work of construction continued on the British harbour at Arromanches, though a long spell of rough weather prevented pier equipment from being towed over, so that the remaining harbour was not unloading to maximum capacity until well into July. But even on the worst day 800 tons of petrol and ammunition, as well as many troops, were landed over the piers. Eventually it was completed, and a port bigger than many with famous names had been built in a few weeks against a lonely French beach.

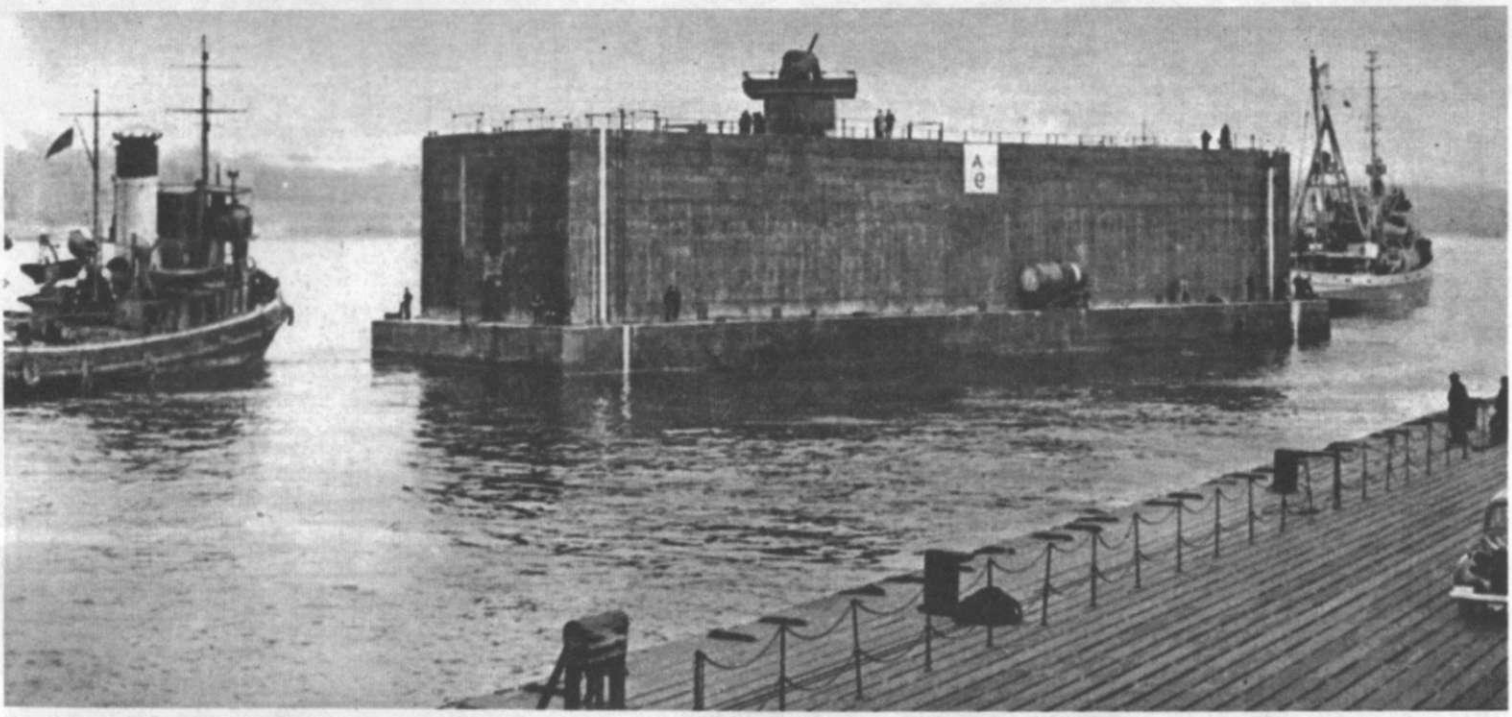
MR. JACK W. GIBSON, 57-year-old Yorkshireman and Director of Civil Engineering (Special) at the Ministry of Supply, one of the chief figures on the construction side of the prefabricated ports described in this page.
Photo, Sport & General

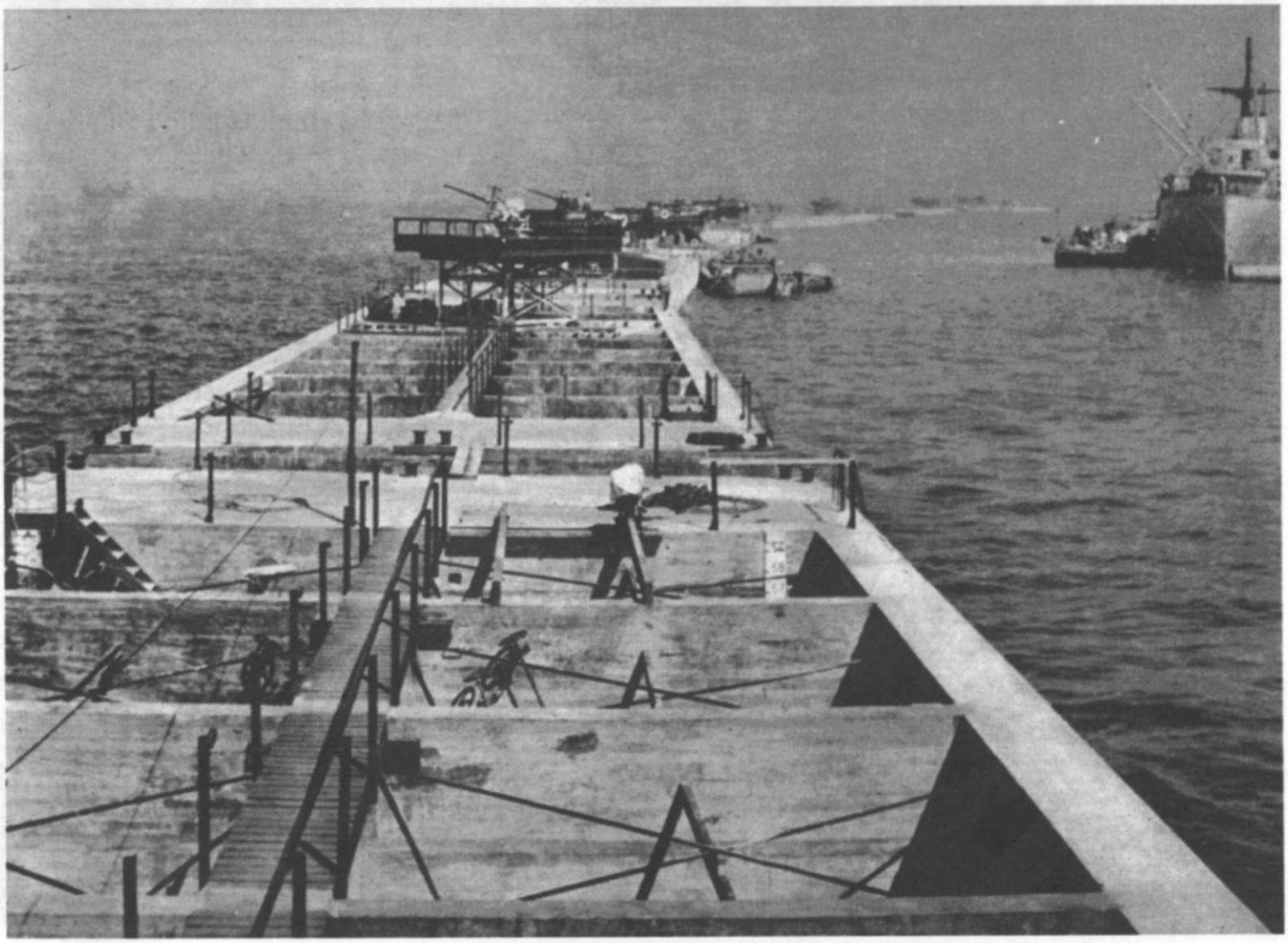
DAY after day, in all weathers, scores of ships of all sizes have moored within its shelter or berthed in unbroken lines along its quays. Never, even at the height of a peace-time trade boom, has so much shipping used such limited accommodation at one time. As a result of the craftsmanship of vast numbers of British workmen hundreds of thousands of tons of vital supplies, scores of thousands of men and many thousands of vehicles have been put ashore in the most rapid military build-up ever undertaken.

The prefabricated port made possible the liberation of Western Europe. Furthermore, when the concrete sections were assembled, for trial, in shoal water off Dungeness shortly before D-Day, they were seen by German air reconnaissance—and led the German High Command to the erroneous conclusion that the Pas de Calais, with its flying-bomb launching sites, was our objective. This inaccuracy caused the retention of large enemy forces in the wrong parts of Northern France, enabling our landings to go ahead before German troops could be switched to the real zone of operations.



GIGANTIC PREFABRICATED PIER for one of our home-made invasion harbours being towed across the Channel. Average speed for this operation was 4 knots, the towing distance for each unit averaging a hundred miles. The total tug fleet available for the assembly of the harbour-parts off the Normandy coast was 85, varying from vessels of 1,500 h.p. to those of 600 h.p.—the latter not generally used in the open sea. Each round trip took about three days, and the transport of well over 1,000,000 tons was involved. *Photo, Planet News*

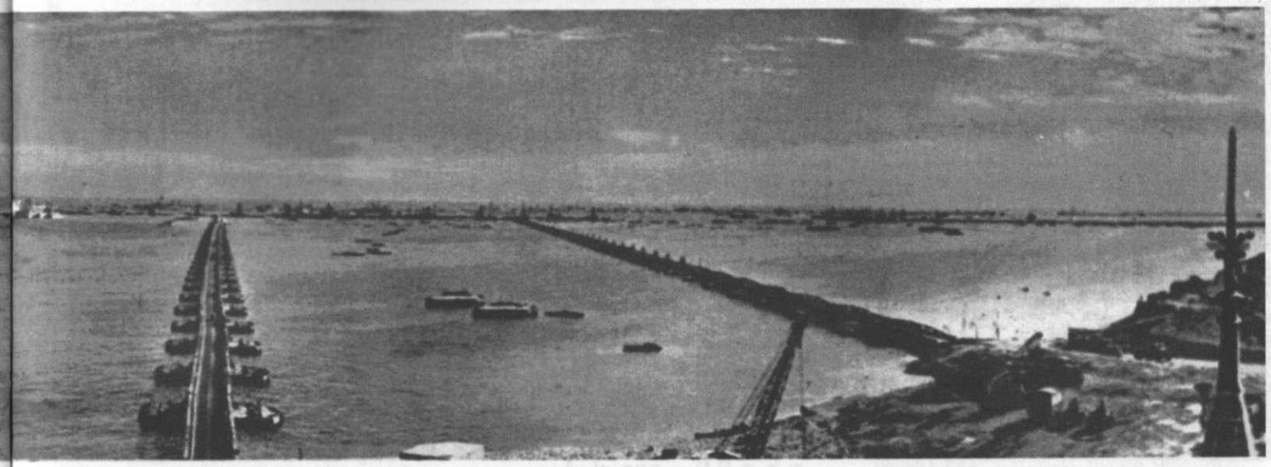


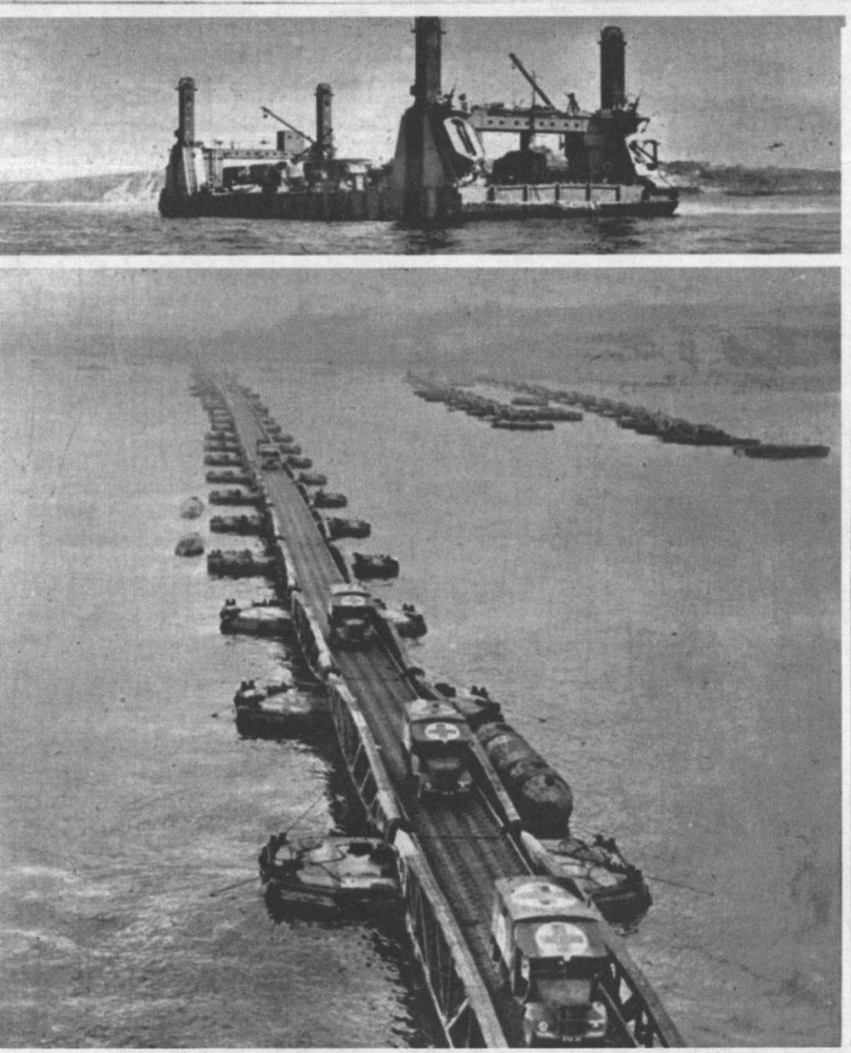


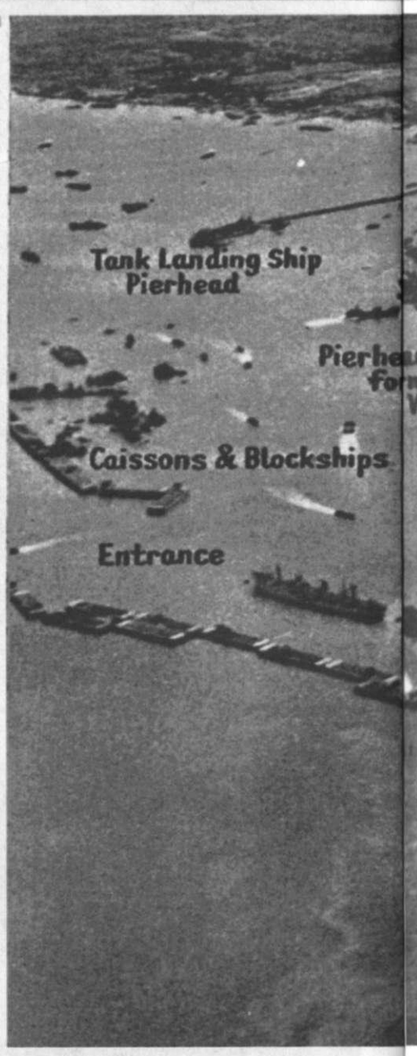
Photos, British Official

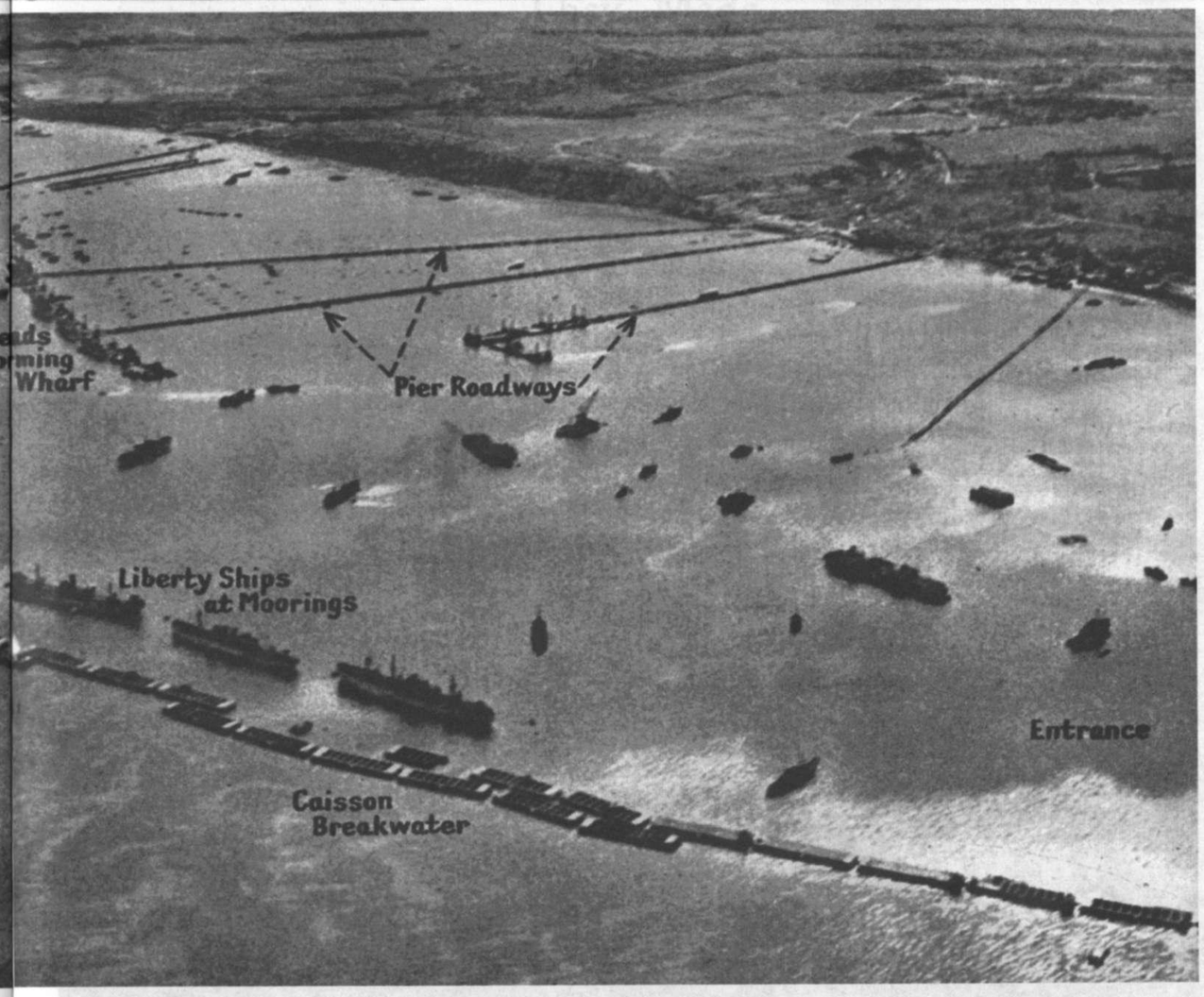
Secret of the European Invasion Revealed

Without this crowning example of the British genius for invention it is doubtful if Hitler's West Wall would so readily have been pierced: towed in sections from Britain to Arromanches in Normandy, a prefabricated harbour provided vital accommodation for our shipping. One of the enormous concrete caissons (top) about to be towed across the Channel. The caissons in position (bottom), forming part of the main deep-water breakwater; A.A. guns on platforms guard the harbour.









Advance to German Frontier Made Possible by—

—This Masterpiece of British Skill and Daring

Steel roadways carried on steel girders run out from the beach at Arromanches to distant pier-heads at which our invasion craft, including 7,000-ton vessels, discharged their urgent cargoes (top). A pier-head, with a displacement of 1,000 tons, complete with crew's quarters, generating sets, and storage accommodation, at the end of the cross-Channel tow (centre left). Ambulances formed part of the traffic using the piers: a convoy (bottom left) proceeds from shore to hospital ship.

Photos, British Official

Looking towards the invasion coast, long lines of pier roadways straddle calm sea inside the two-miles-long harbour (bottom right) formed by sinking the concrete caissons, in whose making vast quantities of rubble from blitzed sites of London and other cities were used. This sheltered water played a tremendous part in enabling us to achieve so successfully and swiftly "what Philip of Spain failed to do, what Napoleon tried and failed to do, what Hitler never had the courage to do."

Two-Way Traffic on the Prefabricated Piers

Photos, British Official and U.S. Signal Corps

Final erection of the second harbour, for American use, was discontinued, but not before many vehicles and much equipment had been landed (top). At the British harbour (bottom), in the construction of which our "soldiers were sailors and sailors were soldiers and Royal Marines were both," casualties are being evacuated whilst Army vehicles are being discharged at the end of one of the floating piers, so devised as to rise and fall with the 20-foot tide.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

They Made Invasion Possible

WHETHER you agree with it or not, this remark of a professor at Birmingham University is calculated to make you think. "Never forget the common man," he said. "He is the most important person in the world because there are so many of him."

I don't myself agree with that. It seems to me the professor might just as well have said, "Pebbles on the beach are more valuable than diamonds because there are so many of them." Or even, "Weeds are better than flowers because flowers are few and weeds innumerable." There were a great many million of the common man in this country when the problems of invading the Continent had to be solved. Were they more important than the one man who had the idea of constructing that marvellous prefabricated harbour on the Normandy coast (see pages 430-434), or more important than the man who, when the plan was ready, said, "Now get it done quickly"?

However, that remark by the Birmingham professor was useful because it set a woman thinking. That woman was Miss Verena Holmes, now Technical Adviser to the Ministry of Labour. Some little while before this war began she gave that remark a twist and produced this reflection:

> Considering women's engineering work in wartime, the most important person is going to be the common woman—the ordinary munition girl drilling holes or turning shells or making screws, or doing innumerable other operations on millions of different parts. To give her the leadership she requires, to teach her and look after her, to control and encourage her, is in my opinion a work of the very greatest usefulness.

So Miss Holmes started classes for training women to do supervisory and technical work. This enabled many of them to show they really were important, for "a large number who attended those classes are now occupying key positions." The women engineers are naturally best at delicate, precise work, such as instrument making and tending. There are things they cannot do, either because they are not strong enough or because they have not had the necessary experience. But, "although there is a prejudice to be overcome against women doing many jobs," says Miss Holmes in Peggy Scott's new book, They Made Invasion Possible (Hutchinson, 15s.), "yet, when they are given training and encouragement, everyone is astonished at what they can accomplish." Miss Scott thinks men have been more astonished than women.

> It does not surprise women to know that women of the Air Transport Auxiliary are piloting our heaviest four-engine bombers; that women can drive great tractors and what are commonly known as fire-engines; can work in gas-masks; can run an aircraft engineering business; or that a shipyard can be worked with 95 per cent women . . . The men never stop being surprised.

Even women, however, Miss Scott admits, hardly supposed that women could "work as labourers; dig trenches and lay drain-pipes for an aerodrome site; shovel soda, after first standing in troughs to smash it with electric drills; that they can quarry stone." There is still a good deal of doubt among both sexes as to whether women should be given any of the higher appointments in industry. In the factories at present very few indeed have risen above the position of forewoman. But there is no doubt whatever that some of them can make good as directors and managers. Take the case, for example, of the one already mentioned as running an aircraft engineering business.

Miss Rosalind Norman, sister to the founder of Heston Airfield near London, began by flying herself, then became a maker of scale models of planes. These were bought readily; she prospered so well that she was able to start making aircraft. No woman had established a business of the kind before. She continued to manage it after she married and became Mrs. Burke; at one time she had to take with her wherever she went a baby she was nursing—took it even into city offices when she went to keep appointments. "You would have thought it was a bomb if you had seen the faces of some people," she told Miss Scott. But she made her factory flourish, helped the war effort, and brought up a fine healthy child at the same time.

Her energies were not confined to her own plant. She organized in the counties of Surrey, Sussex and Bucks, village part-time teams to work in aircraft workshops near their homes. She created an enthusiasm which was of immense value. There was no effort the teams would not make when she appealed to them in an emergency. Once on a Friday she was asked if she could assemble by Monday morning a million nuts on threads. "Within a few hours every worker in the southern workshops was spinning a nut on a thread. Whole families worked together all night and called in their friends; hospitals, fire-watchers, mobile Red Cross and many other organizations lent a hand," and at eight o'clock on Monday morning Mrs. Burke delivered the million complete.

ABOUT the future of women such as Mrs. Burke and Miss Holmes there can be no uncertainty. But what about the numbers of ordinaries who will have to find some other employment when war work stops? Many will not want to go back to indoor jobs after having become accustomed to outdoor life and having liked it as much as did a balloon operator, formerly a clerk, who told Miss Scott, "It's lovely! I thought I would be frozen stiff in the winter, but if we're moving we don't feel the cold. I wouldn't change my job for anything." She was not an exception. On that balloon site

> all the girls who had been indoor workers loved the outdoor life, and it made one realize how many round pegs there have been in square holes. Having found the kind of life they really like, these girls will probably never be content to be always indoors again—although they cannot remain on a balloon site.

A farmer in Sussex, member of the Agricultural Committee, says that any girl in the Land Army who wants to stay on a farm after the war will have the chance to do so. "I admire their pluck," he told Miss Scott. "They don't object to anything. They spread the manure and clean out the pigs, and they do the threshing, which is a dirty job." They can't milk as well as men who have been at it all their lives; they can't thatch ricks—though perhaps there are girls who could do it. They can't lift weights for feeding the cattle in winter. Their labour is expensive, but they work well together—and how their tongues go!" Whether women carpenters and plumbers will be able to keep on with the work they are doing now is more doubtful; that they are good at these jobs is beyond question.

Women, it seems, need more entertainment to be provided for them than men usually do. "They want something special for the evenings." They are not content to sit for hours in a pub, or lean against the bar, and chat interminably over pots of ale. Not that they have any objection to drinking at a bar if they want a drink. The old idea that no respectable woman would be seen inside a licensed house has been killed both by the young women of the aristocracy and by those of the women's war services. Will that tarnish their womanhood or harden their natures?

THE Director of the Wrens, Mrs. Laughton Mathews shakes her head. She sees no sign of either. "A great deal of what is called masculine and feminine is artificial," she says. "What is artificial will go, what is natural will remain. There is nothing wrong in women drinking at a bar with a man. The great thing is to teach them self-control which will follow them in all walks of life. I think knowledge and experience make for understanding, and for that reason I think Service women will be better people on account of their Service life."

Certainly, if we may judge from the trouble most of the Service women take with their hairdressing, they are anything but masculine in their outlook. They are evidently as anxious to look their best and attract the attention of possible husbands as any girls in "civvies." And why not?

ONE OF THE MANY thousands of British women in the fighting services, 3rd Officer Audrey Canhan, of Kensington, London, uses this unconventional method of boarding an L.S.T. in Normandy, to check stores. The stirring story of British women's part in the war is told in the book reviewed in this page.

Photo, British Newspaper Pool

This is How the Enemy Sniper Gets His Man

Sharpshooters by the thousand have been intensively trained by the Germans to hinder our progress through the woods and lanes and shattered habitations of Europe—fanatically courageous types, masters of camouflage, self-supporting, and above all deadly shots. DONALD COWIE reveals what our troops are up against in their task of disposing of these lone wolves of the battle front.

ONE thing would spoil the thrill if you were allowed as a civilian to visit the Western Front, and that would be the sick feeling at the pit of your stomach every time a vicious crack sounded in the distance and your guide said casually: "Sniper. Better duck your head." Probably there has never been such a widespread outbreak of this military nuisance as at present; and right across Europe to Berlin it will be encountered increasingly.

The reason why every battlefront report tells of sniping is that—we are winning. The enemy would never use the method in the way that has been described if he were not desperate. Throughout military history the sniper has chiefly been employed by the losing side. When you cannot dominate the battlefield you seek a hiding-place and try to pick off your opponent as he passes.

Thus our men in this war mainly suffer from the sniper *after* a successful battle. They enter towns in Holland and France and presently they will enter towns right across Germany. All seems quiet in the shattered streets, then a shot rings out and a leading soldier falls; another shot, and our victorious troops must systematically set about rooting out perhaps a score of snipers. These have been ensconced in houses, towers, trees, on rooftops, under derelict tanks and cars, and have been given instructions to do as much damage for as long as possible.

IT is not just nuisance value that these lone-hands have from the enemy point of view. There have been authenticated cases of individual snipers on both sides in this and the last war who have accounted for as many as 200 victims before being caught themselves. On the average in these wars it has taken a ton of lead to kill a man. "Good" snipers get their kill at the average rate of an ounce per time. Therefore the Germans, knowing that they must be forced to retreat and retreat, and studying carefully the experiences of the past campaigns (especially in the Far East), have trained thousands of sharpshooters for our inconvenience.

First the sniper must be an individualist, and second, he must be a good shot. It might be thought that the Germans today would be running short of both. But thousands of German soldiers, in reaction from regimentation, are probably glad of a chance to work on their own; and modern rifles make it very easy to shoot straight. The sniper is trained to be spiritually and physically self-sufficient, able to endure days of "isolation" and preserve his morale even when he occupies a little island amid a raging sea of the enemy, and when he knows that inevitably he must be discovered by those whom he has so viciously and disturbingly dealt with.

So the man is trained to hate as well as to kill, to take pride in the notches on his rifle butt, to be capable of existing on a minimum of food and drink which he must carry with him, and not to fire unless he is certain of his target—in order to conserve the ammunition which it may be impossible to replenish. After which, he studies the arts of personal concealment.

Sharpshooter in Heap of Hay

He must be a chameleon among a heap of rocks, or a mound of clay in a muddy field; he must be a clump of waving grass, or little branches beside some bush—a tree, a fallen log, a depression in the ground, a chimney cowl, a church clock, a thick curtain in a window; he has even been known to be a dignified statue in a market-place.

The sniper's principal concern is to perfect the technique of his shooting. Absolute stillness and steadiness are necessary. He must not fire, even when using ammunition that is quite smokeless, if someone is gazing directly towards his hiding-place. But rigidity can be helped by various devices. There was a sniper in Normandy, caught by our men, who had been firing with uncanny accuracy on to an exposed piece of road at night. They found him by thrusting bayonets into a heap of hay, where he had a carefully-sighted rifle set in a vice.

Telescopic sights are used, but generally the sharpshooter relies on field-glasses. If he lacks a good pair he will take the first opportunity of picking off an officer of artillery and securing his. The Germans have always possessed excellent glasses. Then he will, if possible, choose close targets, anything from 300 to 500 yards away. Good artillery glasses enable him, with trained eyes, to see the hairs of a man's eyebrows before he shoots him.

A SPECIALLY important device is the loophole, which is so constructed in the camouflage, wall, tree or parapet, that the sniper has a wide field of vision. It is always a lesson to an ordinary infantryman to take a sight through a sniper's loophole, and compare what he sees with the narrow outlook from one constructed by himself in a trench or earthwork. No wonder the sniper gains such a moral ascendancy. As somebody in France has written: "You have never seen that hidden man. Probably never will. But suddenly you picture him vividly; not so much his face as his eyes, his mouth. You 'feel' his cool movement after that last close shot; he is gently, more steadily aiming and levelling that rifle as he sights along it to make doubly sure he gets you *this* time. Such a feeling can sicken a man."

Yet it is in some ways a foolish feeling, especially under conditions such as those on the Western Front. In static trench warfare, or in those early jungle retreats before the Japanese, snipers are a very great menace because they cannot easily be caught. But when they have been left behind by Germans in occupied Dutch villages and towns it is just a matter of taking careful precautions and sooner or later routing them out. Special squads are detailed for this task. They may draw the sniper's fire deliberately, perhaps using decoys, and once he is located he must submit to encirclement and capture. Note that most of the German snipers are captured—not shot—in their posts. There are no ding-dong battles because today enemy snipers are operating on the whole in unfriendly territory and have no support.

"SNIPER—DUCK YOUR HEAD!" This warning, as the Allies forced their way eastwards through Belgium and Holland, was common enough. Enemy marksmen abounded in many unsuspected places. This German (left), cunningly camouflaged, takes careful aim, whilst his own portrait is "shot." And here (right) is the answer to this deadly threat: Pte. Francis Miller of Leeds, with 17 dead Nazis to his credit, demonstrates how our own sharpshooters "pick them off." He is firing behind cover not shown in the photograph.

Photos, British Official, Keystone

Chinese Regain Ancient City on Burma Border

FIRST CHINESE CITY east of the Burmese border to be freed—ancient Tengchung, 20 miles west of the Burma Road—fell to Chinese troops, it was announced on August 4, 1944. Two thousand Japanese who had dug in for a 6-months' siege became casualties in the 3-weeks' battle, which led to the establishing of contact between British and Chinese forces then under the command of General Stilwell, and Chinese under Marshal Wei Li-huang. Chinese wounded (above) being carried past the battered city walls.

Photo, Planet News

Hungary: Last of Hitler's Allies in Europe

Chaos followed the attempt in October 1944 of Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary—last of Germany's European Allies—to escape from the toils of Hitler's war. Dr. E. STERN-RUBARTH writes here of some of the strange contradictions that characterize this country with an almost medieval social structure and which holds a key position in south-eastern Europe.

HUNGARY is once more in the news and with her such names as Horthy, Szalasy, Goemboes, Bethlen, Karolyi and others. It is the country least understandable, and least understood, by the rest of the world; a country of contradictions and, because of them, of a tragic fate. These contradictions, in some instances, go so far as to appear like Fate's bad jokes.

Hungary is a monarchy, yet without a king, and with a law forbidding the return of the only dynasty laying claim to that vacant throne. As her Regent for nearly 25 years she has had an admiral, yet is without a fleet, or even a port, or an outlet of her own to the open seas. She has a parliament, yet of all Fascist or pseudo-Fascist regimes in Europe, hers is the oldest and most deep-rooted.

Nor are her natural conditions less singular. The Magyar language, in which masterpieces of European literature have been written, bears no relation to any other, except very vague and distant ones with Finnish and Turkish. The "racial" problem is complicated by the fact that of the seven tribes which immigrated from southern Russia into Hungary's vast, fertile plains when the Huns had vanished in the 10th century, six were heathen, while the seventh, under the rule of a progressive Chasar khan, had been converted to the Jewish faith a century or so before, and refused to follow their king Saint Stephen when he converted his nation to Christianity.

HUNGARY's kings were, in turn, Slavonic, French, Austro-German, Polish, and of the German-Spanish Habsburg dynasty; only for short intervals, or as anti-kings, had she occasionally rulers of her own race. For about two centuries she was occupied and ruled by Turkish Sultans through their governors. Small wonder, then, that a semi-oriental mysticism finally endowed the crown itself—St. Stephen's bejewelled golden helmet with the bent cross, gift in part of Pope Sylvester II, in part of the Byzantine Emperor Michael Dukas—with the magic power of rulership, and developed a cult around that symbol preserved to this day.

Hungary has had regents, deputising for a non-existent king, before: Janos (John) Hunyadi, five centuries ago, during the first wars against the advancing Turks, and Lajos (Lewis) Kossuth, in 1848, when Hungary's revolt against the Habsburgs had proved a temporary success. And she had magnates—proud, princely, often virtually independent noblemen owning larger or smaller parts of her territory, with laws, armies, institutions of their own, practically throughout her history—the real masters of her population, her wealth, and her fate.

NOT all were stubborn, narrow-minded and egoistic, as is said of the Prussian Junkers, or the Polish Szlachcics; there were Liberals, such as Count Stephen Szechenyi, Francis de Deak, Count Gyula Andrassy, Koloman de Tisza and his son Count Stephen (assassinated at the end of the last war) and even fervent practical Socialists like Count Michael Karolyi, first Hungarian President after 1918, and now in this country. But even so, Hungary's social structure is pervaded by a streak of medievalism such as hardly any other European country has preserved in our day.

HUNGARIAN FASCIST LEADER, Ferencz Szalasy (in front), reviewing troops in Budapest after dramatically ousting the Regent Horthy on October 16, 1944. Budapest radio announced on October 15 that Hungary had requested an armistice, but later—seized, apparently, by the Fascists—it broadcast a repudiation. Within 24 hours Szalasy had assumed power. Soviet forces were reported on November 8 to be outflanking the capital. *Photo, Associated Press*

This is the basis of a two-fold political trend which (practically to the exclusion of all the other problems, social, economic, and intellectual, which occupied the world since 1918) engaged all the energies of the Hungarian people: the fight for the recovery of lost territory, and the suppression of all movements, communities, or schools of thought whose Liberalism or cosmopolitanism might deflect the nation from that task. A huge, permanently illuminated map of pre- and post-1918 Hungary displayed in Budapest was symbolic of this single purpose; unceasing propaganda all over the world, far beyond the very modest financial means of the country, kept in evidence the alleged wrongs done to "poor" Hungary by the Treaty of Trianon. That, and that alone, was the keynote of all Hungarian politics. For that, Budapest turned first to the League of Nations, then to Britain, then to Fascist Italy, and finally to Hitler.

By no means stupid, the Hungarian politicians indeed considered the Nazis as a last resource, and a most undesirable one. For while they were gratified by securing a considerable area of Slovakia when Hitler dismembered Czechoslovakia, and the better part of Transylvania at Rumania's expense under the Vienna Award of 1940, they were fully aware that this meant giving up their natural ambition to dominate the Danube basin. And, reminiscent of 1918, some of them at least should have gone in fear of another German defeat such as now knocks at Budapest's door.

As for the justification of Hungary's territorial claims, nobody was allowed to doubt, or even to discuss the subject, any more than the mystic virtues of St. Stephen's crown, with its own vault, its own noblemen's guard. Hungary's pre-1918 territory, ruled under the complicated system of the dual monarchy as the Transleithan half of the Empire, embraced 125,000 square miles, with 21 million inhabitants; her post-1918 area was confined to 37,000 square miles, with 7·6 million souls. True, even their own statistics had to confess that but half the pre-1918 citizens were Magyars, so that, in view of the heavy loss of life incurred by their soldiers, who are world-famous for their daring and bravery, no really large proportion of thoroughbred Hungarians can have been left out of the seemingly so drastically constricted Trianon frontiers.

Ancient Rights of Conquest

But it is an ambitious race, and the magnates possessed large properties, with castles, shooting lodges, studs, and forests outside these new, uncomfortable borders. They had fought for that soil, against the "infidels," for centuries, and wrested it from Turks, and the Venetian Republic, and what-not; and they were firmly entrenched in their medieval belief that their ancient rights of conquest should prevail over the new-fangled rights of "self-determination."

The little people, smallholders, craftsmen, labourers, care no more about these lofty political principles than do their fellows in other countries. They are poor—most Hungarians, not excluding even many of the proud noblemen, are poor measured by British standards in money—but they enjoy good food, a rich soil, and a most pleasant climate. They are musicians, artists, of a lively temperament, and easily roused to enthusiasm, following their leaders *en masse* into victory or disaster with a remarkable loyalty. That is the only possible explanation for the frenzy with which, after the last war, they supported first a short-lived Socialist rule, then an even shorter-lived Bolshevik one, and from then onward a series of varied feudal regimes, interspersed with such excesses as those of the early "Awakening Hungarians," or the later "Arrow Cross" (Szalasy) and other varieties of Nazidom. Meanwhile in the castle—the "Kir Palota" above the Danube—the Admiral without a fleet, Nicolas de Horthy, cleverly played upon these emotions.

HE may have looked down thence upon the Trianon Flag permanently hoisted at half-mast and floodlighted at night, or have heard the people sing the Magyar Hiszekegy (the Hungarian Credo) and the Szozat (the Cry of Warning) often enough with mixed feelings. He may have dreamed of a coming dynasty of his own, but saw this dream shattered by the death of his son on the Russian front and the advance of the Red Army into the green pastures of the Puszta.

Nazis Fall Back on Their 'Last Ditch' Reserves

CONSCRIPTION of every able-bodied German from 16 to 60 was ordered by Hitler on October 18, 1944. Himmler, placed in control, announced that though armed they would wear no uniform, only an armlet (in accordance with international law); were to be used against the final Allied assault on the Reich; and, based on the British Home Guard, would be known as the "Deutscher Volkssturm." Himmler at once proceeded to East Prussia to organize the first battalions—almost within sound of the Russian guns. "Every house, every ditch, every bush will be defended by our men, our boys and our aged people; and, if necessary, by our women," he told conscripts. A Nazi youth being trained to aim a rifle (1). German military police dig anti-tank defences (2). Conscripts listen to Himmler's call to arms near the East Prussian front (3); on October 26 they were reported in action for the first time. Wilhelm Scheppman, Volkssturm Training Chief, showing a middle-aged German the bolt action of a rifle (4); shortly afterwards, Scheppman was reported ill with a "nervous breakdown."

Photos, Keystone, Associated Press, News Chronicle

Russians Well Over the East Prussian Border

HEADING FOR the Insterburg Gap, Soviet forces of the 3rd White Russian Front, commanded by General Chernyakhovsky, were reported on October 23, 1944, to have broken through into East Prussia on a front of 85 miles. Massed blows by heavy artillery and aircraft crushed powerful and deeply staggered defences which the Germans had been preparing for years. Soviet heavy guns passing through devastated Schirwindt (1). The shell-shattered town of Eydtkau (2), 35 miles from Insterburg.

GREAT FACTOR in the break-through was the Red Air Force, directed by Marshal Novikov (3) who, as Marshal of Aviation, occupies a position similar to that of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles Portal in the R.A.F. Hitler was forced to depopulate a vast area of Reich territory, preparing for the battle which he knew would open the road to Berlin. German tanks were flung into the struggle in suicidal attempts to stem the Russians, who are seen (4) streaming from one of their armoured trains.

Photos, Planet News, Pictorial Press

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

I Saw the Royal Marines Go In at Walcheren

Westkapelle, keypoint in the Dutch island of Walcheren blocking the entrance to the Scheldt and Antwerp, was in our hands by November 2, 1944. Arthur Oakeshott, Reuters' special correspondent, saw it fall to the combined assault of the Royal Navy, the Royal Marine Commandos, and rocket planes and bombers of the R.A.F. Here he tells of this most hazardous and daring operation as he witnessed it from the H.Q. ship.

As we approached the island, stretching away on either side and astern of us was a vast convoy of landing craft, and we could see the lighthouse tower and the famous 400-yard-wide gap torn in the dyke wall by R.A.F. bombers at Zuidhoofd, just to the right of Westkapelle.

We approached to within some thousands of yards, to the accompaniment of the roar of the 15-in. guns of the battleship Warspite and the monitors Erebus and Lord Roberts. I thought it all seemed very unreal—until a couple of German shells fell among us. Guns blazed away from almost every craft and shells of every calibre went screaming to land on the shore and among the German batteries and beach fortifications. But more and more shells dropped among us and one or two ships were hit.

On an eminence to the left of the town were four large German guns in concrete emplacements, and these were shooting pretty accurately. By this time several landing craft were afire and burning fiercely. Then I saw an unforgettable sight—dozens of landing craft bearing hundreds of men wearing green berets—the men of the famous Royal Marines. They were all singing—yes, singing as they went into that hell of fire and shell and flying metal. "They've got guts," said a sailor.

Still more and more craft swept past us, and all the time the German shells were falling among us, claiming a craft here, a man there. More were in flames. Then above the din of battle we heard the roar of aircraft, and looking up I saw scores of Typhoons screaming down—a puff of smoke, and their rockets flashed in at the German positions.

Deafening Roar of 15-in. Guns

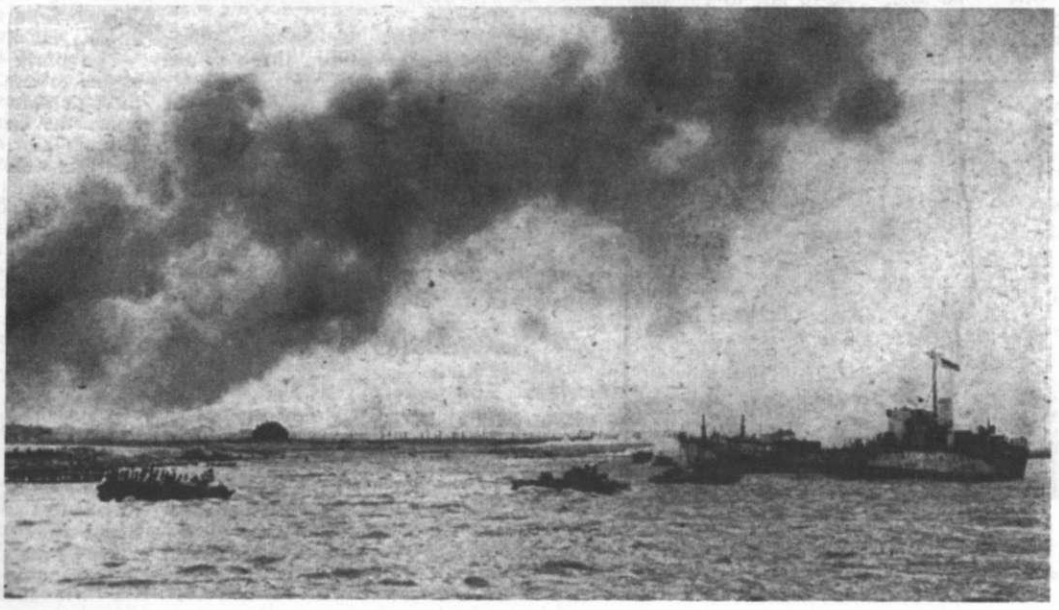
Great spouts of black smoke streamed up into the sky from the bomb bursts, and the smaller fire from the Germans abruptly ceased. But those big batteries continued to take toll of the assault force. By this time the L.C.G.s (landing-craft, guns) were near enough to add their quota, and the noise and crash and banging became almost deafening, while, all the time, wave after wave of Typhoons roared in.

Above the din we heard the steady boom-boom of the "15-inchers" from the two monitors and Warspite, and suddenly I saw a great burst of flame and black smoke come from one of these mighty German gun emplacements. It spoke no more—thanks to the R.N. The other three continued.

Then the rocket-firing landing craft came in. There was a zigzagged flash and a black pall of smoke, and hundreds of rockets sailed high into the air until they looked like a flock of migrating birds, and then dropped to explode with deafening detonations on the luckless German defenders of the island of Walcheren. Another roar of aircraft above us, and once more Typhoons, carrying bombs, sped in on the three remaining batteries and, simultaneously, shells from the monitors and the battleship scored direct hits, and put No. 2 out of action.

Still the other two continued to fire, causing the invading ships considerable difficulty. Again and again I saw landing craft run a gauntlet of shell bursts as they nosed their way shorewards. Some did not get there. Still more shells poured in on the force that crept nearer and nearer the island, and then somebody said: "There goes the third one," and I could see flames belching out of the third of the German gun batteries. Warspite got that one, and a few minutes later the fourth battery was silenced again by the guns of the Royal Navy.

As we steamed away from Walcheren I could see fires here and there on the island and, dotted about the sea, several blazing craft—one burned all night. A wounded Marine Commando officer said to me: "Don't tell them at home that it was easy—it was damned difficult, but we did it—please tell them that!"



ROYAL MARINE Commandos in amphibious fighting craft established a beach-head at Westkapelle on Walcheren, Holland, on November 1, 1944, under smoke from burning shore installations (right). Their gateway was the breach in the sea-wall caused by the R.A.F. Losses among close-support bombardment craft, all manned by British naval and Marine personnel, were heavy—20 out of every 25, many enemy guns believed silenced coming to life again as soon as the landings were launched.

Photo, British Official

I Took a No. 10 Tram to the Front Line

Antwerp itself was taken in their stride by Allied troops on September 4, 1944. The Germans, however, still held the Scheldt estuary below the city in October. George Edinger here describes the fantastic atmosphere of the city and the rapturous welcome given to the Allies on their entry.

NAPOLEON used to call Antwerp a pistol pointed at England's heart, for that superb harbour is only six hours' sail from our shores. But pistols can face two ways. We happen to hold the butt now—and the place is also two hours by road from Germany.

And, thanks to the energy and dash of the Belgian underground and the speed of our autumn advance, we hold Antwerp's 28 miles of docks (they cleared 25 million tons there before the war) virtually undamaged. But the enemy knows that, so he holds fast to the river-mouth below the city; he is still ensconced away in the remoter mazes of its docks and its canals (he frightened me away with mortar fire when I was trying to help with the minesweeping the other day). A few days ago he was still in the north-east suburbs of the city.

At the fantastic period that I entered into Antwerp, I came in a Canadian jeep through streets lined by delirious burghers. They pressed forward to shake our hands. They strung dahlias over the bonnet of the car; heaped apples and grapes upon us; and thrust into our hands bottles of champagne saved for four years for the great occasion. I looked. I marvelled. Surely in all the world there was no city so proud, so seemingly unaltered, so electric in expectancy as Antwerp at that moment. The shop-fronts on the boulevards were gay with things I had long forgotten. There were unlimited caramels, fountain pens, peaches, ice creams, with walnuts and maple syrup, wrist watches, perfumes and silk shirts. The Antwerp women, arrayed in the extravagant steeple-hatted fashion of Liberated France, brought their children in to eat cream cakes in the carpeted tea-rooms.

Young officers of our naval party, installed in the city a few days before (the Germans most unexpectedly opened upon them with machine-guns at 200 yards' range just when they were settling down to tea at headquarters) promised to show me where the best ices were to be got. Well, we ate a strawberry ice, and then a chocolate one before I asked how far the enemy might be at that moment.

"It'll take you about forty minutes to walk," reckoned a sub-lieutenant. "But it's rather a dull walk. I should take a No. 10 tram. Ask the conductor to put you down

at the Town Hall, D——, and walk straight ahead."

"And you won't have long in the line," added the lieutenant of Marines, "if you want to hear Solomon tonight—his Chopin recital starts at 6.45."

The sub-lieutenant was generous with his 40 minutes. I got there quicker. I came back quicker still. I was dazed at the unreality of it. But there were greater unrealities. I have mentioned peaches, ice creams, and champagne. That was not all. At lunch on one occasion we had Greek Muscat wine, Burgundy, Bordeaux, and Cognac. But we did not have any meat.

Antwerp, it dawned on me, abounds in all the luxuries, but lacks all the necessities of life. Later I was to hear an explanation. I heard it from a Princess of the royal blood. Her khaki tailor-made, just out of the foremost of fashion houses, symbolized the fantastic world that is Antwerp in 1944. "Of course, we went on making luxuries. It kept our people employed. Then the Germans could not deport them, and they produced things that were not the slightest use to the Germans."

An Evil Tyrant Built a Castle

"Is it true," I asked the veteran Burgomaster, Camille Huysmans (he is also president of the Second Internationale), "that your shipbuilders managed to work full strength for the Germans for two years without building them a single ship?"

"And most understandable," he said. "In five centuries we Belgians have only been independent for 120 years. For eight of those we have been occupied. That teaches you a lot about an underground."

It did. It taught them to raise a secret army, to keep it armed and drilled against the day when it could deliver roads, ports, stores, and bridges undamaged into our hands. Beyond the zoo lies the harbour—long prospects of deserted quay, lines of idle cranes, and grass sprouting through the warehouse floors. It was serenely peaceful.

And there I remembered how the place came to be called Antwerp.

There was an evil tyrant once who built a castle there and raised such fabulous tolls on all the corn and wool that came up the river that all the people were hungry to death. But there came a liberator. His name was Brabo, and he battled with the tyrant and cut his hand off and threw it into the river, whence the place was called Handwerpen (in Flemish, "throwing of the hand"). I told the port minesweeping officer that. "O.K.," he said, "we've got to cut that tyrant's hand off all right. It is gripping the edges of this port!"

F/O R. W. G. VAUGHAN, D.F.C., of Coastal Command, after sinking a U-boat brought his badly holed Catalina home hundreds of miles on one leaking engine. See story in this page. *Photo, G.P.U.*

ANTWERP, GLITTERING PRIZE OF THE SCHELDT clearance operations (October-November 1944), is one of the world's greatest ports (see story commencing in page 441). With its 26 miles of quays, providing 237 berths for ocean-going ships, its 28 square miles of docks and 500 miles of railways sidings, it fell to us without a fight on September 4. *Photo, British Newspaper Pool*

We Sent a U-Boat Down in Five Minutes

Flying-Officer R. W. G. Vaughan, 22-year-old captain of a Catalina of R.A.F. Coastal Command, received the immediate award of a D.F.C. and congratulations from the Admiralty for one of the quickest kills on record. Although his flying-boat was peppered with over 400 holes, one engine had stopped and petrol was leaking from the other, he brought it hundreds of miles back to base. He tells his story here.

Two members of the crew were wounded—one seriously—but both are recovering. The Catalina was on patrol in Northern waters in daylight when a message was flashed from a Coastal Command Liberator that a U-boat had been sighted. On searching the area, the captain sighted the submarine. To carry out an attack, the captain had to fly through a box barrage sent up by the U-boat's guns. Flying-Officer Vaughan tells what followed.

As soon as I saw this barrage I took violent evasive action, throwing the aircraft all over the place. The other members of the crew were holding on like grim death. I knew the aircraft was being hit—I could see the flak whistling past my window—but we dropped our depth charges and the gunners banged off several hundred rounds at the conning tower.

By the time I had turned and could see out of my window the stern, or the bow, of the U-boat—I could not make out which—was disappearing beneath the water. At first we were not quite sure if the submarine had crash-dived, but our hearts leapt with joy when we saw 35 to 40 survivors swimming in the sea, and a number of little yellow one-man dinghies. Some of the Germans were trying to swim in a large oil patch left by the U-boat.

F/O K. S. Freeman, of Chester, wireless operator air gunner, was badly wounded in the leg and hand, and F/Sgt. S. M. Audifferen, an air gunner, who comes from Nigeria, was also hurt by shrapnel.

The journey back to base on one leaking engine took six and a quarter hours flying through patches of fog. Two hours from home the engineer reported that he could give no more readings on the fuel gauges and that we should have to go on until our engine gave out. Realizing that the Catalina was badly holed and would sink if I stayed on the water, I "landed" her and raced through the water at speed until she ran up the beach. I found out later we had petrol left for only one more circuit of the base.

Radio Spy in the Jungle of Leyte Island

On October 20, 1944, U.S. troops landed on Leyte, Central Philippines—where for 2½ years Lieut. St. John has lived, leading Filipino guerillas and acting as a "coast watcher" to keep American H.Q. informed by radio of Japanese movements. He told his story, given here by permission of International News Service, to Howard Handleman. See also page 429.

In his jungle headquarters, talking by the dim light of a wick floating in coconut oil, and surrounded by sleeping guerillas, St. John sat up all night to tell me of his adventures. His H.Q. is 18 miles in front of the American lines. To reach him I, a photographer, and a six-man army patrol had had to cross five miles of open sea in a native dug-out canoe.

As we neared the shore, St. John, another American, and a crowd of Filipinos—guerillas, their families, and the girls who cook

and sew for the guerillas—were waiting for us. The second American was Ensign James Beattie, a carrier pilot. He had parachuted over the islands and had been taken by the guerillas to St. John.

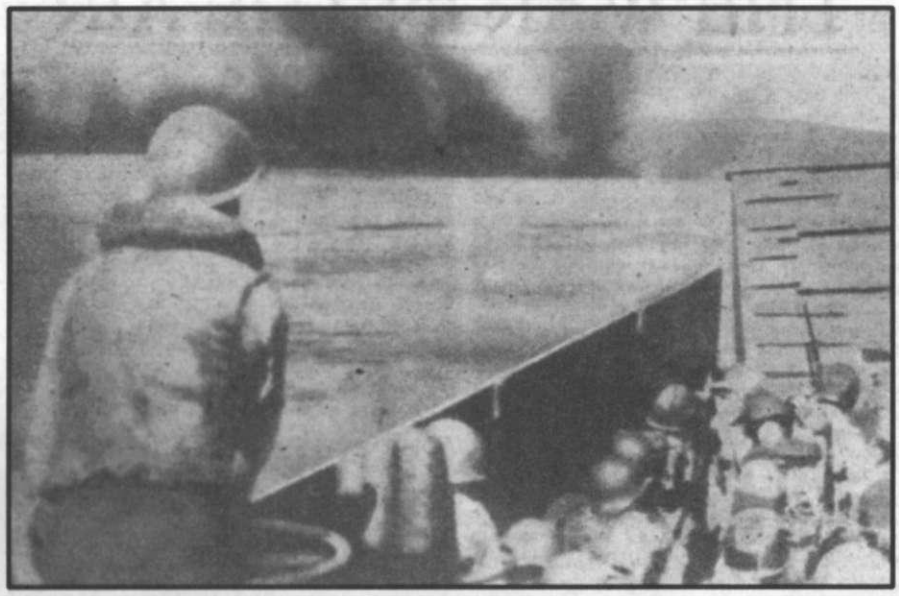
As we neared the beach three Jap fighters roared out of the clouds overhead. We jumped overboard and waded, chest deep in water, to the shore. Said St. John: "Did you bring bread?"—it was nearly three years since he had tasted bread—and then, to the soldiers: "I've waited a long time to see your uniform—Beattie had to be a navy guy!"

Then he asked for a cigarette. He explained that in three years he had had only ten packets. He led us to his headquarters. A radio operator of the Philippine Army sat at the portable radio set; the guerillas crowded in and sat staring at the "Americanos." "You get used to that," said St. John. And then began the story that lasted all night.

He told how once his headquarters were attacked by 200 Japs, whose shots cut a tuft of hair from his head. He told of meals of monkey-meat and fried locust, of going two years without shoes, of his terrible longing for cigarettes. He told of Filipino friendliness towards him and of Filipino hatred for the Japs.

St. John is an airman, and his story began on Mindanao early in 1942. After the collapse in the Philippines he and 11 others tried to reach Australia in an Army launch. They got to—Leyte. From there they set off for Australia once more, in an outrigger canoe.

Their canoe capsized off Mindanao; they lost their clothing and a treasured bottle of whisky. Filipinos took care of them, the Americans "pairing off" so that one family should not have too many to look after. They almost died from malaria and dysentery. Native medicine slowly restored their health.



SIDELIGHT ON THE PHILIPPINES INVASION announced on October 20, 1944—a U.S. landing craft packed with troops eager to go into action against the Japanese, heading for the beaches at Leyte Island. The invasion was preceded by a devastating naval and air bombardment. See story commencing in facing page, and illus. page 429. *Photo, U.S. Official*

But, said St. John, the Americans became so thin that "we had to sit on pillows to prevent our bones paining us." The first Mindanao guerillas were bandits who had fled from the Japs, but with American aid they were properly organized.

It was after recovering from malaria that St. John got in touch with the American leaders of the guerillas. He was offered the choice of going back to his old squadron, then in Australia, or of going to Leyte to watch the Japs. He chose Leyte, because "I began the war in the Philippines and thought I might as well end it here." So an outrigger canoe took St. John and his radio set to Leyte in August 1943.

"The Filipinos were marvellous," said St. John. "They did my washing and cooking because, they said, I was an 'Americano' helping them, so they would help me. I had to move on every month or so. The Japs knew I was on the island—and there were spies around." As St. John talked, Filipino girls served a meal of rice, bananas, coconut salad and chicken. But St. John did not eat; he was too excited.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

OCTOBER 25, Wednesday *1,880th day*
Western Front.—Boxtel, east of Tilburg, captured by British; Fort Frederik Hendrik, Breskens, by Canadians.
Air.—R.A.F. bombers made heavy daylight attack on Essen. U.S. bombers attacked rail yards at Hamm, and oil plants in N.W. Germany.
Russian Front.—Soviet troops captured Kirkenes, North Norway.

OCTOBER 26, Thursday *1,881st day*
Western Front.—British troops crossed Scheldt and landed on Beveland; Canadians advanced on Beveland from mainland.
Air.—Allied bombers heavily attacked industrial and communications targets at Bielefeld, Munster, Hanover and Leverkusen.
Russian Front.—Soviet troops captured Mukacevo in Ruthenia (Czechoslovakia).

OCTOBER 27, Friday *1,882nd day*
Western Front.—British troops entered Tilburg. Bergen-op-Zoom captured by Canadians.
Russian Front.—Soviet troops captured Uzhorod in Ruthenia and Novi Sad in Yugoslavia.

OCTOBER 28, Saturday *1,883rd day*
Air.—R.A.F. bombers gave Cologne its heaviest assault of the war, and bombed U-boat pens at Bergen. U.S. bombers attacked Hamm and Munster.
General.—Announced that Gen. Stilwell had been relieved of his command in S.E. Asia.

OCTOBER 29, Sunday *1,884th day*
Western Front.—Breda captured by Polish troops of Canadian 1st Army.
Air.—R.A.F. Lancasters bombed battleship Tirpitz off Tromso, Norway.
Russian Front.—Railway junction of Csop in Czechoslovakia captured by Soviet troops.
Pacific.—Announced that in sea battles off Philippines, 24 Japanese warships were sunk and 34 damaged, for loss of six American ships; 171 enemy aircraft also destroyed.

OCTOBER 30, Monday *1,885th day*
Western Front.—South Beveland in Allied hands. U.S. 3rd Army troops captured Maizières-les-Metz.
Air.—Cologne had another heavy night attack from R.A.F.
Burma.—New British and Chinese drive south from Myitkyina.

OCTOBER 31, Tuesday *1,886th day*
Western Front.—2nd Army troops reached the Maas N. of Capelle. Polish units established bridge-head on River Mark.
Air.—R.A.F. bombers attacked oil plant at Bottrop in the Ruhr by day and bombed Cologne again at night. Mosquitoes bombed Gestapo H.Q. in Aarhus, Denmark.

NOVEMBER 1, Wednesday *1,887th day*
Western Front.—British troops landed on Walcheren, at Flushing and Westkapelle. Canadians attacked causeway from South Beveland.
Air.—U.S. bombers attacked oil plants at Gelsenkirchen and railways at Hamm and Coblenz. R.A.F. bombed Oberhausen in the Ruhr.
Russian Front.—Kecskemet, 45 miles S.E. of Budapest, captured by Red Army troops.
Mediterranean.—Allied heavy bombers attacked targets in Vienna area.
Balkans.—British patrols in Greece reached Salonika.

NOVEMBER 2, Thursday *1,888th day*
Western Front.—Whole of Belgium freed with German surrender in Zeebrugge, Knocke and Heyst.
Air.—U.S. bombers and fighters attacking oil plants and railways in Western Germany destroyed 208 enemy aircraft. At night more than 1,000 R.A.F. bombers attacked Düsseldorf.
Balkans.—Announced that Marshal Tito's troops had entered port of Zara, on Dalmatian coast.

NOVEMBER 3, Friday *1,889th day*
Western Front.—Domburg, Walcheren, cleared of the enemy. Allied units from Beveland landed in Walcheren. U.S. 1st Army troops captured Schmidt, in Aachen sector.
Burma.—Super-Fortresses from India bombed railway yards at Rangoon.
General.—Announced that Lt.-Gen. Sir Oliver Leese to command 11th Army Group in S.E. Asia, and Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard McCreery to command the 8th Army.

NOVEMBER 4, Saturday *1,890th day*
Western Front.—Flushing cleared of the enemy. Germans retook Schmidt.
Air.—U.S. bombers attacked oil plants at Hamburg-Harburg and Gelsenkirchen and railway yards at Saarbruecken. R.A.F. bombed Solingen steel works by day and Bochum at night and again drained the Dortmund-Ems canal.
Mediterranean.—Allied bombers from Italy attacked Munich, Regensburg and Linz.
Pacific.—Allied carrier-borne aircraft attacked harbour and airfields at Manila, Philippines, destroying nearly 200 enemy aircraft.
Burma.—Super-Fortresses from India again bombed Rangoon.
General.—Field-Marshal Sir John Dill died in Washington.

NOVEMBER 5, Sunday *1,891st day*
Western Front.—Geertruidenburg, bridge-town on the Maas, captured by Polish troops.
Air.—Railways at Frankfurt and Karlsruhe and chemical works at Ludwigshafen attacked by U.S. bombers. R.A.F. again attacked Solingen.
Russian Front.—Heavy German counter-attacks in East Prussia repulsed.
Far East.—Singapore bombed for first time since Japanese occupation, by Super-Fortresses.
Pacific.—U.S. aircraft again bombed Manila and destroyed 249 Japanese planes.

NOVEMBER 6, Monday *1,892nd day*
Western Front.—British troops entered Middelburg, capital of Walcheren.
Air.—R.A.F. bombers made heavy daylight attack on Gelsenkirchen, and at night bombed Coblenz. U.S. bombers attacked oil refineries and railway yards in western Germany.
Balkans.—Yugoslav forces freed Bitolj (Monastir) and controlled all Yugoslav-Greek border.
Burma.—Kennedy Peak, near Tiddim, captured by 14th Army.

NOVEMBER 7, Tuesday *1,893rd day*
Western Front.—British troops captured Willemstad on Maas estuary, thus clearing south shore except for area around Moerdijk.
Pacific.—In Leyte, Allied troops captured Pinamopoan.
General.—Roosevelt re-elected President of U.S.A. for fourth term.
Sea.—Admiralty announced that in passage of convoy from United Kingdom to Russia and back, without damage to any merchant ship, three U-boats were sunk and several damaged.

Flash-backs

1940

October 28. *Italians launched attack on Greece from Albania.*
November 5. *Roosevelt re-elected President of United States for third term.*

1941

October 29. *Russians admitted evacuation of Kharkov.*
November 3. *Germans captured Kursk, south of Orel.*

1942

October 26. *Announced that the Mosquito fighter-bomber was in service with the R.A.F.*
November 2. *Kokoda (New Guinea) recaptured from Japanese.*

1943

October 25. *Red Army troops recaptured Dnepropetrovsk.*
November 1. *U.S. forces landed on Bougainville Isl., Solomons.*
November 2. *German counter-attack in Krivoi Rog sector repelled by Russians.*
November 6. *Kiev recaptured by troops of the Red Army.*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

IN war it is extraordinarily difficult for the ordinary reader or listener to the radio to attain to a balanced judgement of the course of events. Each opponent uses the art of propaganda to the full ; indeed, as a weapon of war. To me one of the most distasteful of propaganda methods is the innuendo that enemy communiqués must always be tinged with falsehood, or at least with inaccuracies or suppressions. No doubt they sometimes are. But how often does one hear it suggested in a B.B.C. news bulletin after a quotation from a German source intimates that there is a Russian or German attack on a given sector that this should be treated with caution because so far there is no confirmation from our Ally? Generally the confirmation comes within a few days, but the B.B.C. does not then say that this is confirmation of the previously doubtful news item, and I find that the usual listener is so dulled with propaganda that he or she fails to connect the items in relation one to the other.

THE difficulty about day-to-day accounts of events is that the first impression is not always correct, yet it often secures the largest audience. That is why histories of wars continue to be written long after they have ended. It takes endless patience to sift the facts from the evidence. It is a more difficult task than that of a judge in a complicated murder trial. After this war it is going to be more difficult than ever before.

One of the actions which cannot yet be fully assessed is the great sea/air battle in the waters around the Philippines following the American landing on Leyte Island on October 20, 1944. Before U.S. land-based aircraft could operate from Leyte or Samar islands the Japanese sent a large fleet divided into three forces into action against the Americans. One force of enemy ships was sighted on October 23, 1944, by the 3rd U.S. Fleet commanded by Admiral William F. Halsey, the very strong protagonist of air power in sea war, who ten years ago, at the age of 52, learned to fly. Halsey kept in contact with the enemy ships during the night (presumably by radar), sent up his aircraft at dawn on October 24, and wrought great havoc among the Japanese ships ; this action, in the waters north-east of the Philippines, was assisted by China-based U.S. land aircraft intervention against Japanese land air bases.

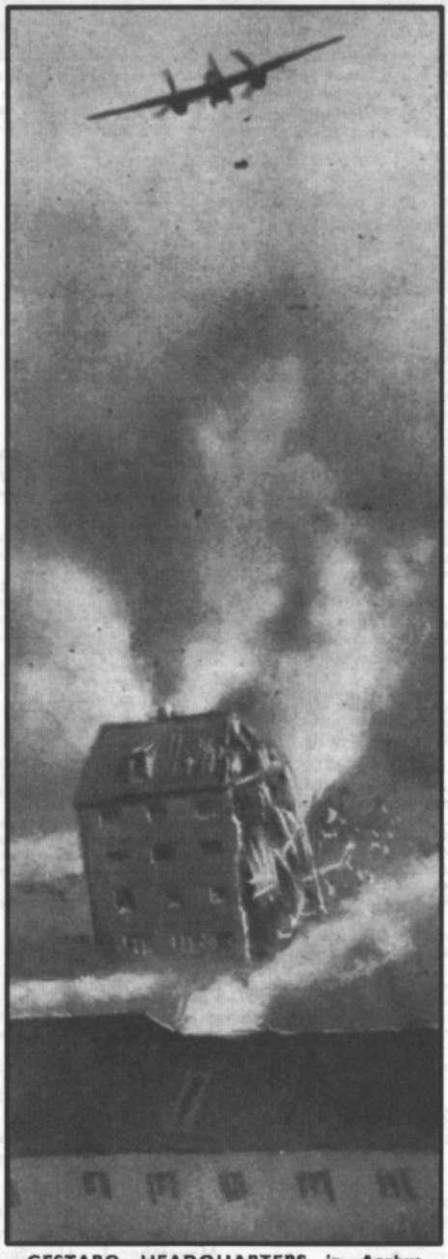
PHILIPPINES a Strategic Core in the South-West Pacific

The sea/air action continued for ten days, in a series of sorties. The Americans lost the Princeton, a 10,000-ton cruiser converted into an aircraft carrier, two escort carriers, two destroyers, and an escort ship ; these losses appear to have been suffered while escorting a convoy of 600 ships moving towards Leyte in support of General MacArthur, and were caused by Japanese land-based aircraft, operating presumably from Philippines island bases.

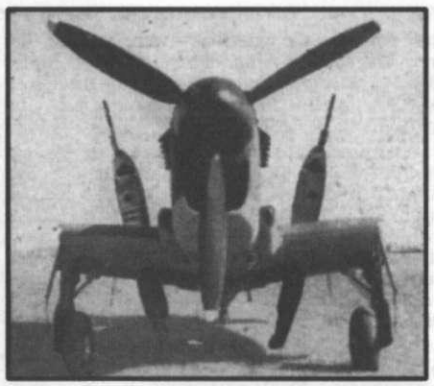
Two Japanese forces approached from the west ; one from Camranh Bay steamed towards the Sibuyan Sea between Mindoro and Panay islands, the other towards the Surigao Strait north of Mindanao. I said in my previous article (page 412), that the Japanese could be expected to fight desperately to hold the Philippines, which form a strategic core in the South-west Pacific. The attacks by 60 Japanese warships, including aircraft carriers, prove how they value the Philippines base.

The forces approaching from the west were attacked by U.S. and Australian warships and aircraft carriers of the 7th U.S. Fleet under Admiral Kincaid, who divided his fleet, strongly supported by aircraft from carriers, to engage them. The enemy force in the Sulu Sea and Surigao Strait was completely destroyed. Its sortie was accompanied by Japanese air attacks against American shipping in Leyte Gulf, where U.S. carrier aircraft destroyed 53 Jap planes, and A.A. guns another three. Total enemy ship losses were 24 claimed sunk (including two battleships, four aircraft carriers and nine cruisers). Only two of the remaining 36 ships were believed to be undamaged.

THIS appeared a sweeping victory for the U.S. fleet and its sea/air power. So it struck me as curious that Admiral Nimitz should subsequently say that he expected the Japanese would again attack in strength, but that the time would eventually come when the U.S. Navy would seek out the Japanese Navy wherever it was and utterly destroy it. If this was a complete victory for the U.S. Fleet (as the first reports indicated) why should not the U.S. Fleet have gone to destroy the remainder of the enemy-fleet at once ?



GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS in Aarhus, Denmark, was demolished by R.A.F. Mosquitoes executing on October 31, 1944, one of the most finely pin-pointed exploits of the war. Over 200 Gestapo officials were killed, and records destroyed, but surrounding buildings were purposely left intact. Our planes returned without loss. *Photo, British Official*



THE FAIREY FIREFLY, shown with wings folded, is a new Royal Navy reconnaissance fighter, with one of the most powerful engines in the world, the Rolls-Royce Griffon. This two-seater aircraft has a performance equal to that of many land-based fighters. Span is 44½ ft., height 13 ft. 7 in., length 37 ft. It is armed with four 20-mm. cannon. *Photo, British Official*

Was the reason conveyed in the detached news item that came in on November 4 stating that U.S. ships had been attacked by Japanese aircraft in the neighbourhood of the Carolines and suffered losses and damage? Were these American ships which had been damaged in the Philippines action (about which the communiqués said nothing) limping home to Pearl Harbour for repairs ? If so, the whole story of the battle has not yet been told. Meanwhile it is clear that the Japanese achieved some part of their object, for another communiqué on November 4 stated that Japanese convoys of tanks and transport trucks were seen moving inland in the Philippines towards the battlefield by aircraft which destroyed 36 of the convoy.

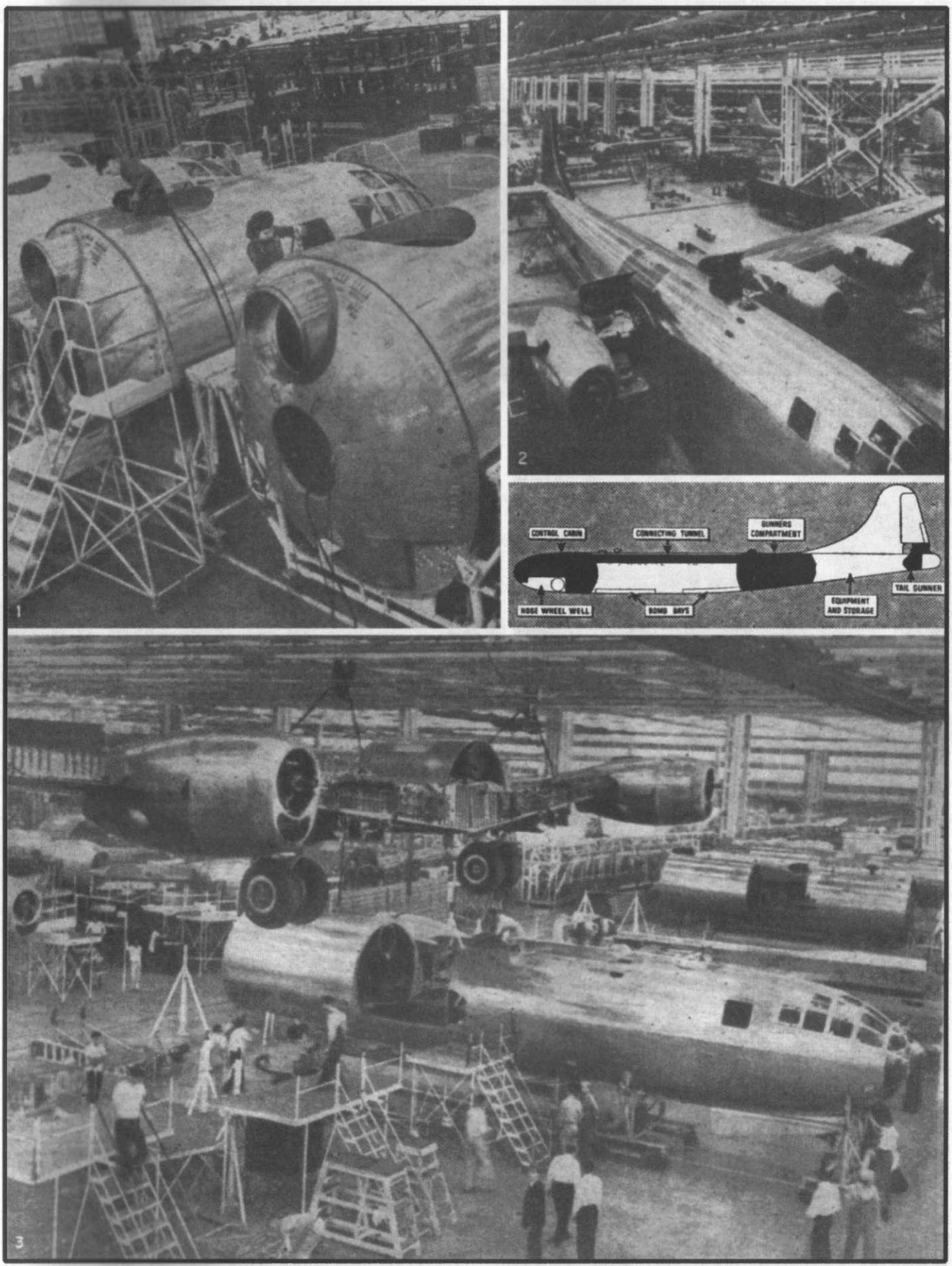
HEAVY Accident Loss Rate in Aircraft Carrier Actions

The inference is that the U.S. Fleet must defer its destruction of the Japanese Navy due to damage it suffered. The apparently successful attacks by Jap aircraft in the Carolines indicates that the U.S. ships may then have been insufficiently protected by fighter aircraft, possibly due to heavy losses in combat *and accident* during the Philippines engagement. This is the greatest drawback of carrier actions—the inevitably heavy accident loss rate in aircraft due to the extremely hazardous conditions under which combat aircraft have to operate when in action from aircraft carriers.

This battle will be studied carefully by students of naval air warfare for years to come. The Philippines fight will continue to be a tough one. And the war against Japan will need the help of great air fleets from the R.A.F. before it is won, despite the report that between January 29 and October 27 the carrier group of the U.S. naval task force in the Pacific destroyed 4,425 Jap aircraft and sank or damaged 795 war and merchant ships.

IN Europe the pounding of enemy towns behind the front goes on. The U.S. heavy day bombers continue their assault on oil. On November 2 a force of 1,100 bombers with 900 fighters attacked synthetic oil plants near Leipzig. On October 31, the 2nd T.A.F. sent 24 Mosquitoes, with 12 Mustang fighters, to destroy the Gestapo Headquarters in Denmark in Aarhus University ; all returned, with the job well done.

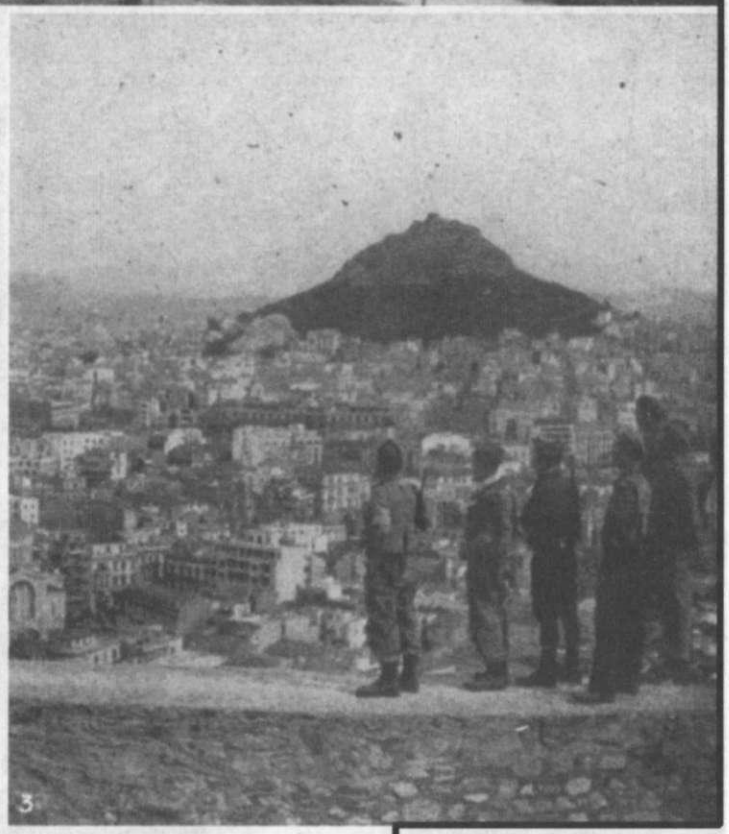
Assembling Super-Fortresses for the Pacific



ATMOSPHERE-PRESSURIZED SECTIONS of the control cabin and gunners' compartments (shown in black in diagram) are built as separate units, fuselage and bulkhead being designed to withstand the artificial internal air-pressure maintained for safety and comfort of the crew (1). On the assembly lines (2). Main wing-section with landing wheels and two of the four 2,200 h.p. engines already in place is lowered to the fuselage (3). Super-Fortresses repeatedly bombed Formosa in mid-October 1944. **See also illus. page 189.**

Photos, Central Press, Planet News

British Forces Returned in Triumph to Greece



GREECE WAS FREED in 34 days, it was announced on November 9, 1944, when Greek-based R.A.F. reconnaissance aircraft north and north-west of Salonika (taken on November 1), reported that they could no longer find traces of the retreating enemy columns making their way into Albania, and Yugoslavia. The liberation campaign had begun on September 28.

Before evacuating the Peloponnese, to the south, the Germans, leaving devastation behind them everywhere, mined and blocked the famous four-mile-long Corinth Canal with a semi-submerged merchant ship of 3,000 tons (1). Citizens of Athens, freed on October 14, shouted tumultuous welcome to our forces and paraded the streets waving Allied flags (2). British soldiers looked down on the ancient capital from the heights of the Acropolis (3). Our parachute troops formed a guard of honour when the Greek Premier, M. Papandreou, hoisted the National flag in front of the Parthenon (4) on Oct. 18. See map on p. 394.

 Photos, British Official

Editor's Postscript

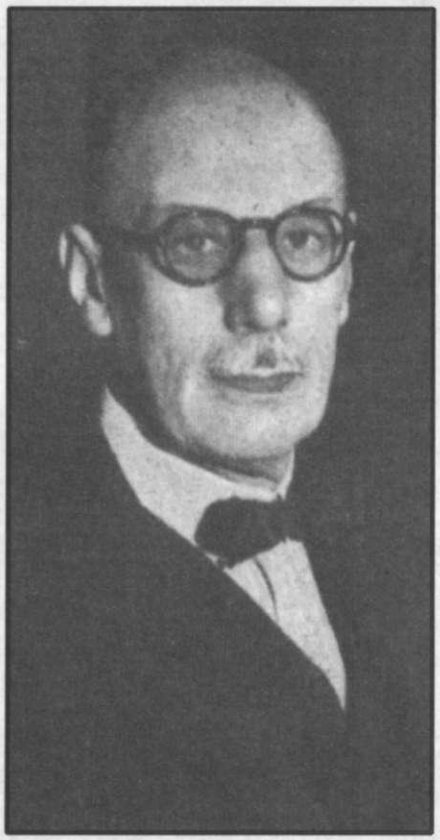
ONE point has been overlooked by those who have protested angrily against American soldiers feeding German children with their rations and fraternizing with their fathers and mothers. This point is that so many American soldiers are of German origin, talk German quite as well as they talk English, have German names, and are more accustomed to German ways of life than they are to those of their fellow-countrymen. There are very large numbers of such people in the United States, and it is next to impossible to prevent their making friends to some extent with Germans in occupied territory. In some ways it might be useful that they should do so. Without any suggestion of propaganda they would show Germans why it is the rest of the world detests them. That is something which it is very necessary for Hitler's dupes to learn. They have not learnt it yet. They never will learn it from official sources. But if it slips out now and then in conversation with men who talk their language and still have relations in Germany, it is likely to have lasting effect. The late Wendell Willkie, whom I could not bring myself to admire, once boasted of his German blood. But how any decent-minded white man could contemplate the history of Germany in the last seventy years and the spectacle of Europe today and be proud, instead of ashamed, of his German blood, just beats me. But it's a human failing to be "proud" of things we couldn't help.

WAR and worry go together with a great many people. They were worrying not long ago about juvenile delinquency. It was shown that children were about as good and as naughty as usual. Now they are disturbed because children are not forced by their parents to eat things they dislike. Wartime diet has no bad effect on them whatever, medical officers of health say. Why not accept that and keep quiet? But no, busybodies are urging mothers (did ever you hear of a father making his children eat anything they didn't want to?) to insist on their little boys and girls polishing off green vegetables, for instance, even if they do not fancy them. Well, I know of a child who was forced to eat Irish stew in the nursery, although he loathed it. The effects on that child were, I should say, almost entirely bad. The best way to persuade children to devour heartily any food that you know will do them good is to tell them they really ought not to have it till they are grown-up and they must only have a very little. Then they will clamour for full plates. But I don't recommend George Meredith's example when the son by his first marriage so persistently screamed to have some of the red wine they were drinking at table that the novelist took up the bottle and poured most of it down the gullet of the irritating child.

A FARMER I've been told about chuckles with satisfaction over the killing of vast numbers of starlings by the beams of searchlights. The searchlight crews have been picking out fly-bombs. The starlings were making their annual migration from the continent to Britain. The beam appears to disturb and puzzle them. They rise from the trees where they roost and circle round and round in the dazzling light until they drop. Have you ever watched starlings at dusk gather and form immense squadrons and fly off to their quarters for the night? Have you ever stood near the trees which form those quarters and listened to the noise the birds make? The farmer has, and he would like to find some means of keeping them away. He says they do a lot of damage to crops. When I told him I liked to see them on my lawn, strutting about in shiny, iridescent suits in the sun, he snorted with indignation. "Ought to be extarminated," he says. Well, if they would only keep to lawns and avoid farms we should both be pleased.

AS one contemplates the enormous amount of clearing-up and restoring there is to be done before life can become normal again, it seems sometimes as if it were a task that could never be finished. It will be, of course, but it will take time, and a serious question is, Who shall do it? I am thinking especially just now of the barbed wire entanglements and concrete road blocks that keep people in South Coast holiday resorts away from the front and the sea. These were placed in position by the military. It is hard to see how soldiers at this critical phase of the war can be spared for the job of taking them away. It is equally difficult to imagine local authorities finding enough civilian labour for the purpose, even if they were ready to pay for its being done. At Hove it has been suggested that the Home Guard might undertake this duty, but very naturally their commanding officer demurred. In some places a start has been made by setting German prisoners to the task (*see* illus. p. 418) and this would seem a most appropriate example of "poetic justice"!

I FOUND myself the other day wondering what treasures the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear one half so precious as the lowly sponge. The reason for this great thought was that a small sponge in my toilet set had suddenly begun to dissolve and a new one was desirable. So I proceeded to a West End chemist's and asked for the desired item, expecting that it would be much more expensive than the one that I had thrown away; but I was scarcely prepared to read on the price ticket attached to a specimen five inches long by three inches wide, of the commonest sort of sponge, 37s. 6d. Before the war 7s. 6d. would have been an adequate price for the article, and I refused point-blank to pay this monstrous increase, even if I went without a face sponge for the rest of my life. The girl in the shop assured me that it was the cheapest sponge she had in stock and, evidently, she but spoke the truth; for a friend to whom I mentioned the incident said that she had asked to see some sponges in a well-known store, and the cheapest available of the size and type I had required was £2. At another and less exigent store she was lucky enough to find two which bore their old tickets, 9s. 3d. And in purchasing these she was told that they were old stock, but the cheapest price of the next lot on sale would be 17s. 6d., other prices soaring to 175s. Anybody looking for an opening for a promising young son might set him up in the sponge business!



SIR C. BRUCE-GARDNER, M.I.Mech.E., as Chief Executive for Industrial Reconversion at the Board of Trade, will control the change-over from war to peace of British industrial production. He was formerly Controller of Labour Allocation and Supply at the Ministry of Aircraft Production. *Photo, Planet News*

MOSCOW is proud of its tube railway, but the new Kiev which is arising out of the ruins of the ancient city in South Russia will probably be prouder still of its street escalators. Like Rome, it is built on hills and some of these are steep. To get about was tiring. Now all you have to do when you want to go up or down is to step on to a moving staircase, like those in the London Underground railway stations, and there you are! This is the first time such a convenience has been installed in a city, and it shows how go-ahead the local authorities must be. It will be instructive to watch and see whether the example is followed elsewhere. Not many of our big towns are hilly enough to need escalators, though Newcastle and Dundee have several pretty steep streets. In many of our smaller towns such assistance to walkers would be useful if the ratepayers could afford it. In Lewes, for instance, there is one of the most precipitous streets I know anywhere, and Sevenoaks has a long steady rise from the station to its business centre. We shall not get escalators for either of these, I suppose; yet we must not set limits to what the future will do in facilitating movement through crowded streets. The Paris Exhibition of 1900 with its three moving platforms was an object lesson. The noise of these things, however, detracts from their usefulness.

A NEW terror is caused among people who take art seriously, by the proposal made at Hastings that a statue of Mr. Churchill should be put up there as a war memorial. That our Prime Minister is a man who has "done the State," not only "some service," as Othello said, but a very great service indeed, bracing us for a struggle which called for every ounce of determination and dogged courage, no one could or would question. But that he is a suitable subject for the art of the sculptor cannot be included among his characteristics even by his warmest admirers. Indeed, no man in the dress of today—trousers, and short jacket or "morning coat" with tails, and collar and tie round the neck—gives the sculptor any chance to produce a thing of beauty; and if a work of art is not a thing of beauty, what good is it? We have enough atrociously bad statues already. That there are among the hundreds in London only three that are tolerable is the opinion of a famous art critic whom I met the other day. These three are the Charles I on horseback at the top of Whitehall, the Carlyle seated figure in the Chelsea Embankment Gardens, and the Arthur Sullivan bust with a woman's figure leaning against it in uncontrollable grief near Charing Cross Underground Station. To have the country flooded with statues of war heroes some of which must inevitably not be of the first rank would remind us of them in a disagreeable way, my art critic friend suggests.

Swastika Ripped From the Old Church Tower

ON THE WAY TO HERTOGENBOSCH, in the advance through Holland, a Royal Engineer climbed the shell-shattered tower of the church at Wijbosch and removed the Nazi flag. Hertogenbosch, important communications centre (peacetime population 45,000), fell to the British 2nd Army on October 25, 1944. Two days later, pushing north from Eindhoven, British troops entered Tilburg. The British salient, from being a somewhat hazardous corridor, was thus completely transformed, the whole left flank pivoting northwards to the sea. *Photo, British Newspaper Pool*

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